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Republicans Wrecked

More significant for the future of the United States than has generally been understood is the wrecking of the Republican Party by the lend-lease bill. During Mr. Roosevelt's second term the Republican minority in Congress was remarkably successful in checking the President's program because, first, it acted with almost complete unanimity, and second, it found numerous allies among conservative Democrats, mainly from the South. Thus a President elected by an overwhelming popular majority was unable to carry out his full program because there was in effect a congressional majority party opposed to him. On the war issue, however, the Southern conservatives have returned to the fold, while the Republicans are irreconcilably divided.

Senators Taft and Vandenberg, with Mr. Dewey, represent isolationist sentiment, while Mr. Willkie and many other prominent Republicans are strongly against their stand. For this, The Chicago Tribune has read Mr. Willkie out of the party. Democratic isolationists like Senators Wheeler and Clark, and Ambassador Kennedy, do not command many votes either in Congress or in the country; Gallup polls show the people, and especially the Democrats, overwhelmingly in favor of full and prompt aid to Britain. If the isolationist Republicans succeed in capturing their party organization, they are likely to find themselves in the next election with electoral votes from a maximum of four or five states in the Middle West. They are also likely to be completely impotent in Congress, except to obstruct and delay.

Battleships v. Airplanes

Great Britain has suffered two serious losses as a result of aerial bombing by German planes in the Mediterranean. A cruiser was so badly damaged that the British themselves subsequently sank her, and an aircraft carrier was gravely crippled—just how gravely the censorship still conceals. As a result, some people are saying that in the old struggle between airplane and battleship, victory has now swung to the former. Yet no such conclusion can be based upon the known facts. Cruisers are lightly armored; it is no news that a few lucky direct hits from an airplane can put them out of business. An airplane carrier is one of the most vulnerable of all naval types. In both cases, the danger of successful attack is greatly increased when they are in narrow waters like the Mediterranean. It is possible that Great Britain will now need to send her military shipping around the Cape of Good Hope as she already does her merchant marine; but this is not an insuperable handicap and does not mean that she has suffered a major setback in the war in the Mediterranean area.

Senile French Revolution

There has been a great effort to build up Pétain as the strong man of France—a legendary figure commanding complete confidence, who could be relied upon to save the soul of the nation and prevent it from falling completely under Hitler's domination. Every official statement from Vichy emphasizes his personal supreme authority. His dismissal of Laval and his firm refusal to depart from the armistice terms by allowing

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the remnants of the French fleet to be used against Britain, are cited as reasons for trust in him.

But Pétain, under pressure from Hitler, is reported to have taken Laval back into the government. The reason is supposed to be a bitter anti-Pétain and pro-Laval campaign in the Paris press. That press, always venal under the Republic, is now apparently bought by the conqueror. This is the "new order" which was to wipe out all the corruption and disunity of democracy! Pétain may be doing the best he can, but it will take more than the personal government of an aged reactionary to revivify what is the vigor and glory of France. What rebirth of peoples was ever sired by an eighty-four-year-old? We are reminded of nothing so strongly as Hindenburg's regime in Germany, ending in his abject sponsorship of Adolf Hitler himself.

Salvation by Bonfire

Despite the bitter example of France, there seem still to be Americans who think the way to national salvation lies through making a bonfire of the "reds." What they do not see is that such a fire is bound to consume the entire landscape of liberty. The New York State legislature has before it as reactionary a legislative program as we have seen for some time. There is the Devaney-Hampton bill, which would outlaw completely the Communist Party. There is the double-barreled Dunnigan bill, which would first make those who spread subversive ideas ineligible for public office, and then keep off the ballot any party whose members are ineligible for office. And there is the Coughlin bill, which would impose a ten-year prison term for what it vaguely calls "criminal syndicalism." Already an Oklahoma statute similar to the Coughlin bill has been used to sentence for ten years two men whose only crime seems to have been the possession of some "radical" pamphlets. And it needs little of the gift of the prophet to foretell that the bill can and will be used to break strikes and harass union organizations.

Just twenty-one years ago, in January, 1920, the New York legislature brought eternal shame and ridicule on itself for expelling five Socialist assemblymen for being Socialists. Will the state repeat this shabby error? Since all the New York bills have originated with the Democratic minority, it is the job of Governor Lehman and Mr. Edward J. Flynn, who are the powers in the party, to do a little educating. Clarence Dykstra, draft administrator at Washington, showed the way by administering a public spanking to the head of a San Diego draft board who had warned aircraft workers that if they struck they would be drafted.

We Have an Ambassador

Not for years has the United States had so good a representative in London as our new Ambassador, John G. Winant. Mr. Winant, as a young man with a war record and modest independent wealth, chose to teach and practise political science. For three terms liberal Republican Governor of New Hampshire, in spite of the utmost efforts of conservatives like Senator Moses and reactionary manufacturers, he fought for and eventually obtained enlightened labor legislation. With an appearance and personality inevitably suggesting comparison with Abraham Lincoln, he might have had a brilliant political career on the national stage, but he would not campaign against the New Deal. Instead he accepted the first chairmanship of the Social Security Board, a position which he resigned to defend the legislation against attack in the 1936 campaign. He was then appointed to the International Labor Office in Geneva, and soon became its chief. He knows labor both in this country and abroad, and sympathizes with its struggles. In a Britain ruled in such large measure by labor, he will be a far more appropriate emissary than a man who spent his week-ends at the country estates of the rich and never even met the Parliamentary leaders of the Labor Party.

The Nearly Perfect Plane

Perfectionism has always been an occupational disease of artists and writers. Many of them are so intent on the problem of producing an almost faultless painting or story that they produce almost nothing at all. And now the same disease seems to be spreading in the American airplane industry. One after another the great manufacturers have been coming to Washington and telling Congress that mass production is impossible or at least inadvisable in their line of work, the reason being that airplanes have to be continually improved and criticized and perfected. Apparently what these artists want to produce is a single masterpiece, one absolutely perfect plane that can outclimb, outfly, outshoot and outbomb any machine produced by any other nation. That would be a noble ambition, at any other time. The trouble today is that we can't defend this country or help England with a series of masterly blueprints. Even the perfect plane couldn't be in a hundred places at once, nor could it fight off the attack of a hundred imperfect Messerschmitts produced by mass-production methods. At a moment like this, when speed is essential as well as quality, it is a little terrifying to hear our aviation experts talking like the minor poets whose work will eventually be published in an edition of fifty-three numbered copies hand-lettered on vellum. What they need is a little less art and a little more journalism.

Medical Care Has a Magazine

Our best wishes to Medical Care, a new journal on the social problems of medicine under the sponsorship of the Committee on Research in Medical Economics. It will follow the current experiments in providing more adequate medical service, striving to promote a scientific approach to the subject and stimulate practical

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action. The interests of the professions and of the public will be equally considered. The first issue contains much valuable information on the subject, including a striking article by Dr. George F. McCleary on "British Medical Arrangements for Civil Defense."

Homage for Henry Armstrong

Amid the planetary turmoil of our world, there was a man and a welterweight match at Madison Square Garden last week that gave us heart and cheer. We mean Henry Armstrong, the Negro fighter, who ended his fighting career in a blaze of glory when he went down to defeat a second time at the hands of the champion, Fritzie Zivic. Armstrong didn't fight at all well; he was the shadow of his former self. Yet a crowd of more than 23,000 thronged Madison Square Garden to see the bout, and although defeated once by Zivic, he went into the ring odds-on favorite. And although he is a Negro, and Negroes have not always fared well at the hands of our fight fans, Armstrong was the hero of the evening, and was cheered even by those who lost money on him. For he has shown courage and integrity, a rare combination in the fight game as they are a rare combination in that larger fight game we call international power politics. Once the holder of three championships, he has never feared to risk them and has always given everything he had. In his first fight with Zivic he went to the end although he was blinded halfway through it. In his second fight he pleaded several times with the referee to be allowed to go on. Democracy has had many definitions. But sometimes democracy may be a nation of run-of-the-mine people taking to their hearts a Negro fighter, battered and blinded, and the victor even in defeat.

The Debts of Drafted Men

With the passage of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act of 1940, Congress has inadvertently given a warning of one of the problems, in addition to unemployment, that will confront those ultimately discharged from military service. The act merely *suspends* civil liabilities during the period of service, and in the case of rent the suspension is for only three months after suit is brought. Congress has frankly described the act as one to promote national defense by "suspending enforcement" of certain civil liabilities. Equally important is the failure to provide against the continuous accumulation of liabilities such as rent on the premises vacated by the trainee, mortgage obligations, etc., without at the same time compensating the trainee with pay adequate to meet the obligations which were incurred prior to induction.

To be sure, the act has commendable features, but in many cases what appears to be security may turn out as a practical matter to be an illusion. For example, eviction of the wife, children and other dependents of the trainee is prohibited only if the rent does not exceed $80 per month (the 1918 act set a $50 maximum); but even here the matter of eviction rests in the discretion of the judge. The fact that the relief provided by the act takes the form of a temporary suspension of liability causes one to suspect that the act was drawn more with an eye to keeping the trainee content during the training or war period than with a view to any realistic solution of the problems.

Hawaiian Statehood

The Gallup poll showing that Americans with opinions favored Hawaiian statehood two to one is more than anything else a tribute to the Pan Pacific Press Bureau, a department of Bowman, Deute, Cummins, advertising agency for Hawaiian sugar and pineapple factors. Hawaii's corporate Big Five, who control agriculture, shipping, wholesaling, amusement, and much besides, decided on the statehood campaign after the AAA issued its first off-shore sugar quotas. Until that time many of them opposed statehood, as did the majority of Islanders. (A recent plebiscite showed that now, after six years of steady propaganda, they are for statehood in the same proportion as mainlanders.) Publicity was carried on with weekly nationwide radio programs, advertisements, stories, pictures and speaking campaigns. Almost every book written about the islands in the last five years has been subsidized by Bowman, Deute, Cummins.

This doesn't permanently disqualify the case for statehood. Just now, however, there is a possibility of war in the Pacific. Among Hawaii's overwhelming majority of loyal Japanese-Americans are a minority of Emperor-worshipers and fifth columnists, and statehood would only make harder the problem of controlling them and their far-ranging sampans. In addition, democracy has hardly begun to function in Hawaii, which is ruled by an enlightened, paternalistic oligarchy. Economic democracy scarcely exists. The islands are, in effect, and despite emotional impulses in the opposite direction, a vast system of social and economic castes.

News Notes of a Week

Telephone communications between Berlin and Rome were severed for forty-eight hours to prevent newspapermen from learning where Hitler and Mussolini were holding a conference. No photographs of this conference, no smiling dictatorial faces. A certain famous District of Columbia face, almost at that moment being photographed on the steps of the Capitol, seemed responsible for the shadow. . . . British armored patrols pushed harder against Italy's swaying African empire, from the Egyptian Sudan into Eritrea, near the Red Sea and, further south, from Kenya into Ethiopia. . . . New York's PM reported that Winston Churchill sat through "Gone with the Wind" recently. He came out exhausted, saying he had been reduced to a pulp

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and thank God he could get back to his own war.

Personal liberties of aliens were protected by a timely Supreme Court decision (opinion by Mr. Justice Black) invalidating a Pennsylvania law requiring state registration of foreign born. The Pennsylvania law required aliens to carry an identification card subject to inspection by police officers. There shall be one registration system and that federal, said the Court. . . . American sailors in mufti tore down a Nazi flag over the San Francisco German Consulate. Secretary Hull regretted such behavior. . . . Verne Marshall of the No Foreign War Committee, who has been living up nicely to his advance billing (The New Republic, January 13) by closing his eyes and swinging indiscriminately at friend and foe, swung at the Scribner's Commentator people, or did they swing at him?

Roosevelt Today

AN ANALYSIS of the Congress which assembled in Washington in 1933, eight years ago, would have given little hope for the coming of a period of liberal reform. A Continental parliamentary journalist (replacing the Man from Mars) might have commented on that Congress to this effect: "Of the two great parties in America, Mr. Roosevelt's is perhaps the less liberal. It consists of a bloc of Southern reactionaries, who were not elected by the masses, and who speak for planters and low-wage industrialists. His Northern bloc consists either of the representatives of corrupt city machines, or of new and unskilled congressmen who temporarily managed to unseat Republicans in the great sweep of 1932. There is in the whole Congress hardly a man who can be called a 'labor' member in the European sense. The more distinguished Senators are almost all Republicans, and, curiously, some of the leading Senate liberals are in that party rather than in the Democratic: Borah, Johnson, Norris and Nye. The Democratic Party is a loose, unwieldy mixture of opposites."

Nor did Mr. Roosevelt's first official actions increase the measure of hope. He tried energetically to obtain the services of Carter Glass as Secretary of the Treasury; when that proved impossible he was content with William H. Woodin. His first measure for basic economic reform was the NIRA, a proposal for the freezing of monopoly and the short-circuiting of the anti-trust laws which had been discussed with growing favor in business circles for almost a decade.

Surely an unpromising start. The intellectual climate of the day was marked by defeatism, by a political immaturity which regarded any vigorous possessor of "wet" views on prohibition as an eminent liberal, and by almost complete illiteracy in congressional and labor circles concerning the very language of reform. William Green, head of the only labor federation, was hostile to unemployment insurance; the word "housing" called to mind old drawings by architectural modernists, but not a social movement. Private committees were attempting to solve unemployment by various press-agent-inspired devices; we had not lost our faith that we could solve our problems at the banquet table.

The miracle of Mr. Roosevelt's early tenure was that he built an effective instrument of reform out of these unpromising materials. He welded Southern landholders and cheap-labor industrialists, Northern machine Senators and Representatives and a few isolated liberal voices into a reform weapon which, for a time, scattered all before it. Intellectual liberalism, which had gone into hiding in the colleges after the World War, and which spoke chiefly through two liberal weeklies, through scattered sociological studies unknown to the general public and through books of limited circulation, found itself invited to entrain for Washington, and found itself, too, in possession of the liberal's dream: the power to write the laws of the land. For the first time in history a great nation not only gave bread and (Federal Theatre) circuses to the people, but permitted those who ate the state's corn to retain their votes on the state's affairs.

Let us (putting aside for the moment the bi-partisan reaction which ultimately set in) consider the question of how this came to pass. This question is of controlling importance today. In several countries we have seen shattered the pleasant theory that any policy which flows, as a kind of resultant of forces, from democratic process will always be adequate to solve the problems of state. That happened neither in free Germany nor in free France. The last decade in English history is a decade of disaster feeding upon official error, upon grotesque mistakes certified as policy by Parliament. The special infallibility which we have all instinctively believed to be a birthright of free society has not everywhere manifested itself. Yet it is certainly true that American policy during the last eight years has had more form and shape than either English or French policy; if not as progressive as the mass of the people might have desired, it has been far more progressive than anything which would have been shaped by our Congress under less determined leadership. This is the President's doing. This is his great importance to us as we go into a period of "total" defense. This capacity to shape a progressive policy, with the coöperation of political elements that might, on paper, be expected to be irreconcilably hostile, is our one hope that we can avoid bogging down into the splintered hostilities of unconcealed internal war which ruined Germany and Spain so spectacularly, France so pathetically.

Revaluing the President's services (as we must at the beginning of his third term), we may say, first, that he has won his successes by bringing a new method into the business of democratic government, a method

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which has raised that business to the highest level seen in our generation. Mr. Roosevelt's method has been more important than his theories. It has consisted of a willingness to use the services of expert private minds, so that his proposals in such complex fields as the financing of new housing or the protection of collective bargaining have had an intellectual authority which has set the opposition back from the beginning. If, sometimes, this method has led to political error, as in the Court-reform bill, it has also led to unprecedented political successes, as in the social-security enactments.

This method, operating through the much-scorned "professors," the "Frankfurter boys" and the Brain Trust, has educated the President as well as written his bills. A brief sentence in his recent budget message, calling for no increase in consumer taxes until our economy grows to full employment, marks a Roosevelt as different as a man could well be from the Roosevelt who, eight years ago, tried to crystallize our depression smallness into a rigid system. This conscious use of method has both infuriated an anti-intellectual opposition and, simultaneously, reduced it to bankruptcy. It has become an opposition which (in the shape of the bi-partisan reactionary bloc) has been able to win important victories against reform, but always on the level of "how much," not yet on the level of "how," the level of policy.

Second, Mr. Roosevelt has never closed his eyes to political realities, *i. e.*, he has escaped the historic curse of the liberal, which is naïveté. He has taught Bankheads and Barkleys to speak the unwonted language of liberalism, and he has also taught Corcorans to speak the unwonted language of pressure and patronage. He has made Southerners vote for housing in New York City, and Northerners vote for rural electrification in the South. Praise for the President here must be praise for personal capacity and grasp, qualities for which too little room is left in the chilly science of economic determinism. A man may be for the people or against the people because of social and economic causes, but he can also be a fool or a wise man, and the President has not been a fool.

Third, there has been a quality of what might be called controlled fearlessness: Mr. Roosevelt can make shocking deals with a Frank Hague, but he can have all the courage in the world when he wants to have it. It is on the basis of this personal quality alone that we can explain work relief, when popular clamor would have been content with uncreative home relief; that we can explain the Court-reform bill, when the public would have taken much less; that we can explain the lend-lease bill, which is really the President's Third Inaugural Address, the actual speech of Monday last being only a kind of footnote to it. It is this cool, clarifying courage which has now cut the Republican Party apart as with a knife, and which gives us, alone among the great democracies that are and were, a foreign policy as big as the moment requires before the moment has forced it upon us. Mr. Roosevelt, because of method, grasp and courage has (though he has made many mistakes) avoided the ultimate democratic error, which is that of accepting a policy only in desperation, when it is introduced into the legislature on the point of an enemy bayonet. He introduces the vital bill himself, because he is not blocked away from the leading currents of American thought.

These are the considerations which make the third term a continuation of the first and second, and not a break from them. We add one footnotal consideration and warning. It is vital to the success of the Roosevelt method that those who differ with him on details, though agreeing on purpose, have their full say, and here the liberal of 1941 will have his program and his work cut out for him to do. It is a help to him, not a hindrance, to clamor "More!"; he needs all the good will in the country, reaching ever farther toward the future, as the counterpoise to that bi-partisan bloc which still exists and which now strives frantically to find a level on which to function.

Is Lend-Lease a Step to War?

THE HEAVY ARTILLERY of the administration—Secretaries Hull, Stimson, Morgenthau and Knox, together with its chief supporters, such as Mr. Willkie—have made the *prima-facie* case for the lend-lease bill. They have together demonstrated three points of first importance: (1) Britain is America's first line of defense, since if she is successful we shall not have to fight the Axis and if she is defeated we shall be in great danger of having to do so, and with inferior forces; (2) she will not receive sufficient aid from us unless we free her from the need to pay for it; (3) in order to provide the necessary speed and flexibility we shall have to entrust wide executive authority to the President.

If the fight against the bill depended on the ability to disprove any one of these propositions, the opposition would fizzle out in a few days. It is, for instance, absurd to suppose that we should be in no danger in a totalitarian world; most opponents of the bill avoid this position. Nobody has attempted to prove that Britain has enough ready cash to pay for what she needs. And while there are many fears of giving the President power that might be abused, it is clear that if we simply lent Britain money, as Senator Taft suggests, we might not be able to help her enough in the critical ninety days to come. Depending on Congress to check and approve each separate move might cause fatal delay. Congress, in order to give the President the necessary powers, must also trust him, as he says, not to "stand on his head."

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The real core of opposition is deeper than that. It centers about one fear—the fear of getting into the war. Many, like Senator Wheeler, who recklessly accuses the President of preparing to "plow under every fourth American boy," take the general position that those who support this bill would also favor war if necessary to save Britain and must be stopped in their step-by-step war policy. The same implication lay in Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy's radio address. He was for aid to Britain; he did not believe in appeasement; he desired Hitler's defeat. But the main burden of his speech lay against America's entry into the war, and in some unexpressed way he associated his opposition to the lend-lease bill with that belief.

Mr. Kennedy, like many other American conservatives, is afraid of war because it would increase the power of government over business and lead to what he vaguely regards as a social revolution. Mark Sullivan is more outspoken in this respect and even raises the question whether we should aid a Britain that, it is prophesied, will emerge from the war as a social democracy. But in addition there are many who are against war on general principles and hate it so much that they would take any other risk rather than do anything that might involve us in the hostilities.

Is all-out aid to Britain a step toward participation in the war? This is not a question, the answer to which can be taken for granted, as supporters of both sides have been doing. We certainly do not have to assume that the moment we depart from complete objective impartiality, we are automatically at war. Nor are the niceties of the international law of neutrality pertinent in the present world. "Non-belligerency" is too widespread for that. The stock answer of administration supporters, on the other hand, that to aid Britain economically is to keep hostilities away from our shores, though true so far as it goes, does not answer the question what Hitler and Mussolini may do under sufficient provocation. We do not at present intend to declare war against them, but may they not choose to regard some aspect of our aid as an act of war? Such questions ought frankly to be faced.

It seems to us that the best answer can be only a guess, and that there are considerable risks on both sides. But it also seems to us that some very good guesses can be made, and that there is more risk in the course advocated by enemies of the lend-lease plan.

The first premise is that Hitler will act with a very shrewd judgment of his own best interest. He will not engage in a war that he does not think he can win, no matter how much provocation may be offered. On the other hand, he is perfectly willing to fight a nation which scrupulously avoids provocation, if he believes a sufficient advantage can be gained. He does not like our aid to Britain, and will shape his policy (1) to restrict it as much as possible, (2) to win before it can become effective.

How could these objectives be sought at a time like the present? Nothing is clearer than that Hitler could do the United States little damage in war as long as Britain stands in the way. His navy is bottled up; his submarines and planes are busy sinking the ships that carry supplies to her. Italy certainly is not to be feared, and Japan would scarcely take the offensive against our superior fleet. On the other hand, if he started hostilities he would redouble our efforts, completely unify the country behind the President, and call into action our navy, air force, and even our army. Certainly, his aim of minimizing our aid to Britain would be checkmated by any act of war on his part—unless or until Britain is completely humbled.

Hitler's obvious course is to try to delay and reduce our help by *threatening* war, thus giving the President's opponents material for their arguments. Meanwhile he will prepare to conquer Britain with all possible speed. But the odds are ten to one that, no matter what we do, he will not choose to fight us before he has made this supreme attempt—and then only if he is victorious.

The course for this country if it wants to incur the least possible risk of war is clearly the exact opposite of that which Hitler desires. It is first, to be completely unconcerned at threats or even tentative acts of war, so that he will see that such threats are useless. It is second, to give Britain aid—not too little, but amply sufficient to ensure her successful resistance, and above all *quickly*. Every day that Congress loses in passing the lend-lease bill is a battle lost. In a world situation like the present it is literally true that those who fear war most do most to increase the risk of what they fear.

Monopoly v. Defense

One of the strange objections of "high defense experts" to the Reuther plan for bits-and-pieces aircraft production, was that there wasn't enough aluminum to mass-produce planes anyway. Only last November, Defense Commissioner Stettinius told us the opposite—that there was more than enough of this essential metal for everything in sight. The commissioner in charge of raw materials was wrong, and the anonymous high experts were right. Aluminum is a serious bottleneck of defense.

The Aluminum Company of America is not only the nation's sole aluminum producer, but the leading fabricator as well. From where Richard King Mellon sits in the Gulf Building in Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle, the corporate reins extend to bauxite mines in Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia and Dutch Guiana; to alumina-producing mills in Mobile and East St. Louis; to power sites strung across the nation; and to a Canadian associate, Aluminium, Ltd. Twenty-nine corporate subsidiaries deal in magnesium, alumina, power and

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aluminum, fabricating, railroads and a miscellany of other things. In addition, Alcoa has up to 40-percent voting power in nine other companies. This hierarchy makes up an American and Western Hemisphere monopoly, and constitutes one of the two private aluminum producers in the world. The other is in Switzerland.

Unfortunately for us and the British, there is an ambitious non-private producer. Germany, a negligible factor in world output until the Hitler armaments drive, outstripped the United States in 1938, 353,000,000 pounds to 286,000,000. In 1939 the Nazi margin was 400,000,000 pounds to 327,000,000. Now, with industrial Europe in bondage, Hitler may soon have a billion-pound capacity. Even with the help of Alcoa's Canadian brother, Britain cannot match this pace. Before French facilities changed from asset to liability, the combined Allied capacity was only one-third of a billion pounds.

Is the United States better equipped? As we have seen, American production increased by about 15 percent between 1938 and 1939, but our inventories declined in that time by 22 percent. Alcoa is making frantic efforts to double its capacity to 700,000,000 pounds by mid-1942. Twice since June it has scheduled large increases in its production facilities in the Tennessee Valley. Its plant near Bonneville Dam will be geared to 150,000,000 pounds a year instead of the 60,000,000 at first projected. The Reynolds Metals Company will use RFC money and TVA power to go into production in July with a 20,000,000-pound plant, to be tripled in size in another year. Reynolds, incidentally, has been reconverting scrap aluminum, and has furnished the only type of domestic competition Alcoa has had.

When and if the expansion program is completed, we still cannot be certain that the aluminum problem is solved. An 800,000,000-pound plant might now supply the airplane manufacturers who complain that aluminum ordered months ago is holding up production, but we are hardly in the swing of total defense. Assuming that a quarter-billion-dollar corporation can be converted in time from a philosophy of scarcity to one of abundance, the huge quantities of power needed for the electrolytic reduction of alumina and cryolite into aluminum may not be available. Alcoa is building power dams on tributaries of the Tennessee River, and is leaning heavily in its new plants upon TVA and Bonneville generators. If even these are not enough, one wonders where we should be if we had listened to those who bedeviled and befouled every effort to expand federal power facilities.

Alcoa has been extolled as a romantic monopoly, and a good one. Romance it has. When Alcoa began in 1888 as the Pittsburgh Reduction Company, its principal asset was a patent held by Charles M. Hall, a young Pittsburgher who had seen opportunity in something his professors said about European experiments with aluminum over the last two hundred years. When a German scientist early in this century discovered a hardening alloy to give the light metal strength, the company was on the way to almost miraculous growth, much of it financed from profits. In 1939, when aviation doubled its consumption, the 1,252,581 shares of preferred stock earned $29.25 a share, and each of the 1,472,625 shares of common earned $19.77.

That Alcoa is also a "good" monopoly is not so easily proved. According to its lights, it is patriotic and progressive. It supports research, and it would doubtless have made every effort to fill defense orders even if it had not been faced with an anti-trust suit.

But it is doubtful that without Thurman Arnold's encouragement it would have lowered the price of aluminum from 20 to 17 cents a pound, as it recently did. While lead and zinc prices were declining by almost half between 1922 and 1940, aluminum showed a net price increase, despite the fact that for the last forty years the cost of production has steadily declined. For years the price remained rigidly fixed month after month at 21 cents a pound.

What it all comes down to is that Alcoa has limited consumption with high monopolistic prices (Senator O'Mahoney says prices were artificially propped by limiting production, but he seems to have the cart before the horse here); and limited consumption has restricted plant capacity. A good monopoly would have reduced prices not when it feared governmental action, but as soon as lower production costs permitted. It would have maintained reasonable profits through increased sales. In this way it would have speeded rather than retarded technological advances, it would have benefited our peacetime economy, and it would not have impeded us now in our crucial race with the controlled industries of National Socialism.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

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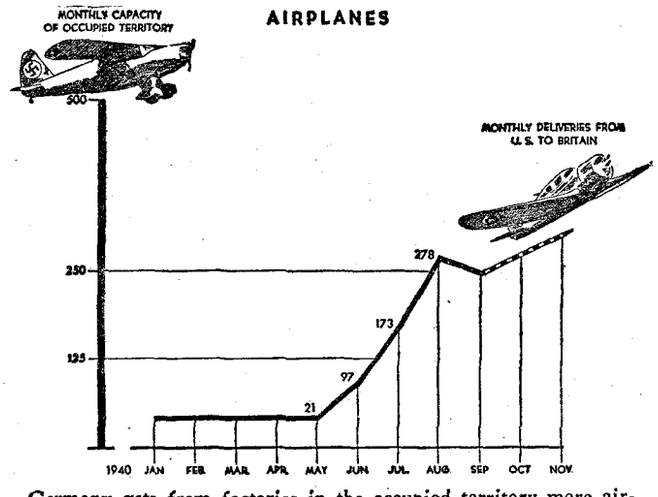
An Hour a Day Keeps Hitler Away

DR. FRITZ STERNBERG is an expert on war economy. Although he began by being just an expert, he now has good reasons for trying with all his might to tell us what he knows. In Germany, he saw Hitler's rise, made possible by the follies and divisions of the domestic opponents of Nazism. He observed Hitler's rearmament and his early successes in foreign affairs, presented to him by those abroad who should have known better. In France he saw the fatal underestimation of Hitler's military power and intentions, the failure to arm adequately against him. As a resident of Britain he watched the same mistakes being duplicated by Chamberlain's too little and too late. Now he is here, and this is his last chance—and ours. He is determined to be heard. He insists on telling us the facts, as they are now. They are not pleasant facts. But Dr. Sternberg is an incurable optimist, and he hopes that we shall listen and act in time, as the Germans, French and British did not.

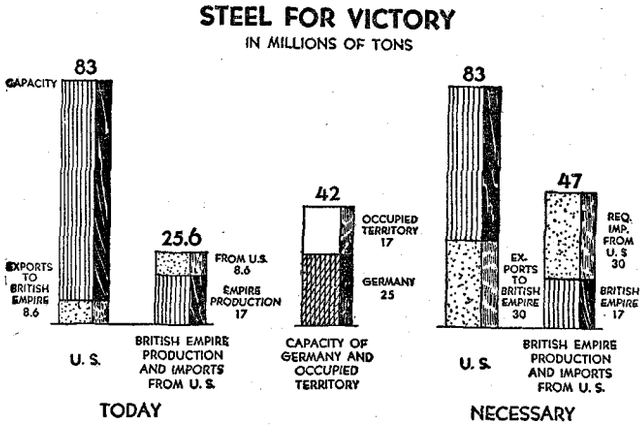
"Fivefold Aid to Britain—To Save Her and Keep the United States Out of War," is the title of his book, just published.[1] Don't overlook it because you think you are already converted, or because you are on the other side. It is not just an exhortation. It is not dry, scholarly and complex. It is full of figures—figures which few of us know, though they are based chiefly on official sources. The figures are illustrated with pictures. This is a book that could almost be understood by a five-year-old, and the facts speak for themselves.

We are inclined to think that Britain has turned the tide of battle, that this country is now planning to give



Germany gets from factories in the occupied territory more airplanes than we are at present sending to England. All diagrams reproduced, by permission, from Dr. Sternberg's book.

her all possible aid, and that with the aid we have scheduled, she can win. It is not true. We can give her five or ten times as much as we have planned. Only if we do that will she and we be safe. In an article in The Army Quarterly, Britain's chief military journal, Dr. Sternberg wrote in April, 1939, more than a year before the invasion of the Netherlands: "In the matter of economic mobilization for war National Socialist



America's steel capacity is huge, but we are not using it to help Great Britain. Germany gets from the occupied territory about twice as much as we export to the entire British Empire. To equal what Germany has, our exports should be increased nearly fourfold.

Germany will in all probability retain the lead and enjoy an advantage down to the outbreak of hostilities. The great problem of the Western powers now is to keep that advantage within such bounds that it cannot prove sufficient to give National Socialist Germany a decisive surprise success at the beginning of the war." This problem was not solved. France is prostrate. Now Dr. Sternberg writes again that Germany enjoys an advantage. He warns the United States to keep it within such bounds that Hitler may not have "a decisive surprise success in the second year of the war and to ensure that their own first line of defense holds out long enough to permit the mobilization of the industry of the United States." What will he have to write a year hence?

Did you know that Germany's steel production was 25,000,000 tons a year just before the war, as opposed to 17,000,000 for the British Empire? And that Germany since then has added 17,000,000 tons from the occupied territory, while Britain has been receiving only 8,600,000 from the United States? Do you remember that by the conquest of France, Luxemburg and Norway—with the economic subjection of Sweden—she has completely solved her iron-ore shortage? That she is master of the coal resources of the Continent, which are more than ample? Did you know that she is the greatest aluminum-producer in the world, and has no more worry about its raw material—bauxite—because of the supplies available in France, Italy and Hungary? But perhaps you think Germany will be hampered by lack of oil. She might have been,

[1] New York: The John Day Company. 76 pages. $1.

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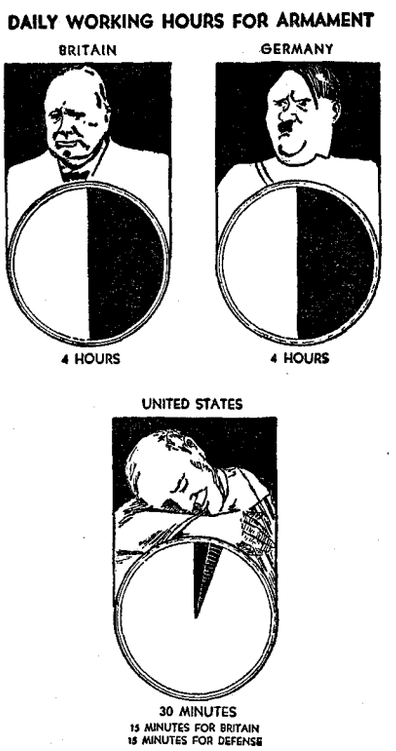
if she had been forced to carry on exhaustive land warfare on a large scale. But as a matter of fact she probably has plenty, with access to the Rumanian supply. Concerning food, The London Economist wrote on October 12, 1940, "Germany is in no danger of grave scarcity in the near future, and the Reich's complete system of rationing has been a great aid in conserving supplies and building up stocks."

Even before the war, Germany, after seven years of preparations, was spending the equivalent of about one billion dollars a month on her military establishment. Now, including the conquered territories, she is spending about twice as much. The whole British Empire is spending about one and one-half billions a month—or 66 percent as much as Germany. The new budget for the United States allots to military expenditures, in the year beginning next June, $11,000,000,000—or less than a billion a month. That is a lot of money, but it is less than half Germany's current military budget, in spite of the fact that she has already been seven years at the job.

In every respect, we have been giving less aid to Britain—which herself has a capacity inferior to Germany's—than Germany has been receiving from the occupied territories. But if Britain is to survive, we must send much more. Instead of shipping 300 fighting planes a month, we must send 1,200 or more. We must build many of the ships in which to send supplies. In general, instead of monthly exports to the British Empire worth $210,000,000, as today, we must send goods worth $1,000,000,000. That would be more than the whole new budget for arms.

This sounds like a gigantic job. It will require a heroic effort indeed. But it is far from impossible. It would devote a far smaller percentage of our national income to defense than Germany and Britain are now spending on war. Dr. Sternberg makes a rough calculation that British and German workers are each devoting, on the average, four hours a day to armament, while ours give thirty minutes—a quarter-hour to Britain and a quarter-hour for our own army and navy. By allotting to defense two hours a day—one for Britain and one for ourselves—we would amply do the job. As he aptly says, "An hour a day keeps Hitler away."



GEORGE SOULE

China Speaks to America

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has said that America should be "the arsenal of democracy," and has defined the aim of America's efforts as the ultimate defeat of the goal of the totalitarian powers to dominate the world. He has also correctly appraised China's role in the world conflict, and the administration has backed up its words by the loan of $100,000,000 to the Chinese government. But the program for aiding China seems to be as yet in an entirely amorphous state. While all possible aid, practically without limit, is being rushed to Britain, and production of more supplies is being carefully planned and speeded up, nobody seems to have a definite idea of what China needs or is entitled to get in the way of assistance from America. The general reason is, of course, that Britain's need for help is imperious and immediate, while China can wait. This is, to some extent, true, because victory for China is already a foregone conclusion. Yet it is true only to a certain extent, and while China does not need, let us say, the delivery of 1,000 bombers in January or February, she does need a consistent and well formulated policy of long-term assistance.

Finland, Greece and China are the three miracles of this war, and miracles can be produced when the human spirit is willing. In the war with Japan, China practically pitted human flesh and blood against enemy artillery and aircraft, and yet she has already achieved some amazing, almost miraculous results. She has fought a first-class world power to a standstill, has definitely forced the enemy to give up all hope of victory, has tired and worried the enemy to the point of exhaustion, and in the process discovers that she is also playing a very important role in checking Japan's advance in the conquest of the southern Pacific. Nobody predicted these things at the outbreak of the war in 1937.

Ever since the fall of Hankow on October 25, 1938, the war has been little more than a stalemate. The Chinese feel that if Japan could not push further in the last two years, there is no reason to believe that she will be able to do so hereafter in her present state of man-power exhaustion. It was not because Japan did not try to push further. There were four or five campaigns to advance in the northwest in Hupeh, and two

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or three campaigns to advance southward toward Changsha, but all of them ended in failure, with heavy Japanese casualties. For three years, Japan has been stopped on the banks of the Yellow River. There was great strategic value in such a Japanese drive to conquer China's northwest beyond the Yellow River and descend on Chungking from the north, but Japan simply did not have the man-power to do it. Japan's net gain in the last two years has been the capture of four important cities—Nanning, Ichang, Yoyang and Nanchang—but with the recent Japanese withdrawals, these gains have been practically wiped out. As General Ho Ying-chin, the War Minister, summarized it on New Year's Eve, 1940: "The Japanese gained two and a half miles a day at the start of the war [1937], a hundred yards a day in their campaign against Hankow in its early phase [1938], and nothing net in operations since then." The battle of Hankow was a battle in which the loser won, and Chiang Kai-shek knew it, if the world and the Chinese people as a whole didn't.

The best objective evidences that victory is already assured for China are seen in the fact that Japan has, for the fifteenth or sixteenth time, put out feelers for peace, while China will not even discuss it. Another indication is seen in the striking contrast in the messages of the Chinese and the Japanese Premiers on New Year's Day, 1941. While the Chinese Premier voiced increasing confidence of victory, Premier Konoye said: "As a New Year greeting it may sound unlucky, but in my innermost heart I fear the coming year will prove a most tragic, unfortunate one for all mankind. I pray that God and all God-fearing people will coöperate with me in saving 1941 from being the first year of the decline and fall of modern civilization"—"modern civilization" simply meaning Japan's destiny as a nation. It is also interesting to note the change of tune in Japanese diplomats' statements and to hear Prince Konoye say that the "ultimate objective" of Japan's new order "is to wean human society from exploitation of the weak by the strong, to enable all nations and people to find their proper place and to develop their own destiny," including Korea and Manchuria, of course. It is like hearing a drunkard's confession at a revivalist meeting, when one has the momentary feeling that a soul is being saved. The plain fact is, Prince Konoye has already made up his mind that China is "sour grapes."

That is all very well for China, as far as the eventual outcome of the war is concerned, if we disregard the sacrifices and hardships of the Chinese people, but international factors do not permit us to see this conflict as a war between China and Japan alone without relationship to the general world struggle. If the Chinese themselves do not take the initiative, I think statesmen of the Western democracies might see the important strategic value of defeating Japan through China and set about planning for it in a more positive manner. As far as the average American is concerned, aid to China sounds very much like charity. As a matter of fact, China was forced to discuss the terms of the loans, except for the last one, just as the owner of a bicycle shop would discuss the terms for borrowing on a mortgage, and China has, in spite of the war, delivered the goods in payment for the loans. One might look at aid to China somewhat differently. The fact is that Japan can be defeated. She can be defeated by China; and the United States can and must help China to bring this about. Moreover, the costs of the American help needed to render defeat of Japan decisive are almost nominal compared with the assistance needed to obtain British victory. An average of five percent of the assistance to Britain would turn the trick. For the price of two or three modern battleships, given to China in the form of fighter and bomber planes, China can and will finish off Japan. There was never a sounder or more economical investment.

The crux of the whole situation with regard to Japan in the world conflict of 1941 may be summarized as follows: Japan started a series of threats and bluffs in the summer of 1940. First, Matsuoka declared the Japanese desire to push southward and upset the status quo in the East Indies, which only a few months before Japan had officially promised to respect. Second, Prince Konoye announced Japan's intention to create the "new order of Greater Asia," or more simply to drive all white men out of Asia. This was followed by Japan's pact with Hitler of September 27, which envisages the cutting up of the continents like slices of melons, with slices for Germany, Italy, Japan, and an undefined slice promised to Russia. Its admitted purpose was to frighten off the United States, and Japan waited to see the American reaction. Immediately after signing the pact, Matsuoka climbed down from his high horse and said, "We do not mean to challenge anybody." Meanwhile, Japan's southward push has been held up for the last half-year, owing to her tie-up in China and her fear of the American navy. Prince Konoye doesn't seem able to make up his mind.

But the ability of Japan to synchronize her actions to those of Germany and her desire to do so at the first opportunity have been proved. As the European war develops in 1941, America therefore will always have to reckon with this ally of Hitler in the Far East. The best thing for the United States would be a decisive defeat and elimination of Japan, which would relieve Uncle Sam of the "two-ocean" worry and enable America to concentrate on her defense of the Atlantic. The next best thing would be to tie up Japan in China sufficiently to hold up her advance in the South Pacific. This could be done by strengthening China's fighting equipment and increasing the strain on Japan's man-power, her weakest spot. It will be to America's advantage to have to reckon with a weakened and exhausted Japan rather than a strong Japan with a free hand at the end of 1941.

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It is therefore imperative that Washington and London should come to a definite basic understanding on China's share in the war supplies now being manufactured with all speed. Shortage of airplanes is no more a sound reason for not giving them than for failing to give them to Britain. Production must be speeded up with China's share in view. There is no question but that Britain must be given precedence. Yet China's needs must not be ignored. Aid should be based on the simple premise that China and England are fighting two wars which are really one.

The diplomatic front of America and Britain in Chungking should be busier than it is. The financial cost of rendering assistance to China will never run above $300,000,000, but much could be achieved in effecting a spiritual solidarity among the three countries. There is little general comprehension of the fact that China today, while occupied with the task of gradually wearing out an invader, is also engaged in that other and more important task of constructing of the future. Policies are being formulated and the training of technical and civil-service personnel is going on, to the end that, after the war, China shall be prepared to start immediately on the program of rehabilitation. A spiritual solidarity with America and Britain will go a long way to influence the shaping of China's future foreign and domestic policies.

In the first place, it is extremely desirable at this particular moment for America to give a full pledge to see China through the war by granting all necessary financial assistance and war supplies. Whether this is given officially or unofficially, how the wording should be couched technically in order to avoid offending other powers, is immaterial. President Roosevelt's two recent speeches, and the lease-lend bill, have not only given China such a pledge, in a certain degree, but have made the question of offending other powers seem much less important than heretofore.

In the second place, a commission of military and engineering experts should be sent immediately to Chungking, as much for its political effect as for rendering actual help by determining the specific needs of China in airplanes, war supplies and transportation facilities. It is noteworthy that part of the British loan to China used for the purchase of British telephone, telegraph and radio equipment is principally responsible for the excellent network of air-raid alarms in all free China. It is seldom realized that China at this very moment is building several railways in the interior, including one to parallel the Burma Road. Such measures of reconstruction are only a promise of what is to come after the war, and will not stop with it. A commission of experts could well include in its investigation the problems of China's reconstruction as a whole.

In the third place, Great Britain and America should, at this very moment, conclude a new treaty with China abolishing that anomalous institution, "extra-territoriality." It is a hideous word anyway. China is now the only country in the world in which this nineteenth-century institution survives. That it will be abolished after the war every Far Eastern student is agreed. Such a treaty, concluded at the present moment, could be looked upon as a beautiful political gesture, assuring the Chinese people the hope of a new era in foreign relations, for which they will be intensely grateful.

I have recently returned from a visit to Chungking and I believe the confidence of the Chinese people in their ultimate victory is justified. It is justified by the records of our soldiers at the front. But it is even more justified by the myriad activities of the Chinese nation as a whole—in village reforms, in the war on illiteracy, in the effective weeding out of opium, in the successful running of the Chinese industrial coöperatives, in opening mines and building highways and railways, in the part women have played in the war and, above all, in the spirit of unity and solidarity behind the government. The nation seems to have rediscovered its old qualities and self-confidence. Nobody can take them away. Certainly the wearied and exhausted invaders cannot. Will not the people of the United States help China, not only to repel the invader, but also to rebuild a new and modern democratic state out of the ashes and ruined cities of this war?

LIN YUTANG

Mowing Time

Steel against silk, the scythe
Cuts cleanly through the grass;
Swung by loose-muscled arms
Where upland glows with hay,
Under the sun's brief reign
That brings them little else
But grass-stalks flowering
To cut in swathes away.

Steel against silk, the sound
Whispers without;
The scythe has quickly done.
Midwinter sets upon
The meadow his gloved hand:
Gauntleted, fine bright steel,
To tell the meadow's riot that its rouse
Could never last; the land,
That summer could not stay,
No matter how men feel.

Steel against silk, the world
Moves under the poised scythe;
From all sides round, we hear but do not heed
The cry of dying grass;
Shorn by the sun and hauled into men's barns
By brawny effort, still abetting death;
While time sits counting on its withered hands
Another surge of life, spent utterly with a breath.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

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Who Are the Appeasers?

DESPITE Verne Marshall's monopoly of the "peace" headlines, his No Foreign War Committee is not the most powerful of the organized attempts to change American foreign policy. So far, it has not even achieved undisputed leadership of the appeasement wing. Marshall's importance lies rather in what he might accomplish. There are appeasers in the America First Committee, among business men, in Congress, in certain sections of the Catholic Church, and on the shirty fringe of the political right. Up to now these forces have not been brought together. Marshall could still be the man to do it, and to direct a campaign to make appeasement respectable. Of his qualifications for the job, he writes, "the arts of the propagandist are not strange to me, a rabble-rouser of 1917-18." Before we examine the other "non-intervention" groups in America, a few things should be made clear about Marshall.

The inspiration for the No Foreign War Committee came from Douglas Stewart and George Eggleston, co-publisher and editor, respectively, of Scribner's Commentator. They suggested the idea to Marshall last summer, and they kept after him until he did something about it. Since Marshall announced his committee in mid-December, the affinity between him and the magazine has been frequently confirmed.

Scribner's Commentator has been the chief organ for Colonel Lindbergh and all those others who think that Hitler could be trusted at a peace conference. On one page of the magazine you may find a proposal to speed rearmament by removing all taxes from munitions-makers; on the next, former Senator Rush Holt denounces preparedness as a scheme of the profiteers. The British are damned and the Japanese praised. This type of thing took up half of a recent issue, and it all leads to one conclusion: we ought to stop helping Britain and make customers of the dictators.

The real hatreds of the magazine are suggested in a feature called "Internationalist Hall of Fame." Nominations are made for "war-mongering," and for writing "pink" textbooks, admiring the French Popular Front, supporting recognition of Russia, sympathizing with the Spanish Loyalists, and being seen at the White House. The curious charge of having a Social Democrat background is leveled at others. A similar technique was applied in a rogues' gallery entitled, "These Wrecked France." The list of villains is headed by Léon Blum, who "was largely responsible for the current deplorable anti-Semitic wave." The indictment says they took France to war unprepared, which was also Laval's stated grievance against them.

Stewart, who is related to Jeremiah Milbank, Wall Street banker and corporate director, is an officer of the Douglas M. Stewart Management Corporation and a former operator of an investment-research agency. Charles S. Payson, founder of the original Commentator and joint owner of Scribner's Commentator, is a Wall Street investment banker and a director of Marine Midland Bank, the American Rolling Mill Company and other corporations. Even apart from Marshall's connections with Lindbergh and William Rhodes Davis, the bearer of Mexican oil to, and peace "agenda" from, the Nazis, his is a right-wing, big-business afflatus.

The America First Committee was established at such a strategic preëlection moment and backed by such an impressive list of anti-New Dealers that it gave the impression of having been organized not so much to oppose Roosevelt's foreign policy as to oppose Roosevelt on the basis of his foreign policy. Indeed, nothing that has recently come from Chicago peace headquarters compares with the nationwide campaign of full-page newspaper advertisements which served the double purpose of boosting Willkie and pleading for funds. America First does, however, represent a wider range of political and economic opinion than can be found in the Marshall clique. The sponsors include Mrs. Burton K. Wheeler, Mrs. Bennett Champ Clark, John T. Flynn and Kathryn Lewis, daughter of the labor leader. Lessing Rosenwald and Oswald Garrison Villard resigned from the committee, the latter because he did not agree with an official statement that "the United States must build an impregnable defense for America." Sidney Hertzberg recently resigned as editor of the socialist-liberal anti-war newsletter Uncensored to become publicity director.

Organization was started by Robert Douglas Stuart, son of a Quaker Oats vice-president. Young Stuart set up shop in an office of his family's company, where he received the friendly attention of The Chicago Tribune and the sponsorship of William R. Castle, Henry Ford, Hugh S. Johnson, Jay C. Hormel, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Hanford MacNider, former Legion head and wealthy Iowa industrialist, Thomas N. McCarter, New Jersey utility magnate, and others. Stuart, at twenty-four, took the title of national director, and General Robert E. Wood, chairman of Sears Roebuck, became acting chairman. Ford has now left the committee, at whose instigation neither party would reveal.

The committee announced 60,000 members, of whom 10,000 were said to be contributors. There is as yet no New York office, but branches have been established in some thirty other cities, and the goal is five hundred.

William R. Castle, of the Hawaiian sugar and shipping family, and the committee's most active cam-

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paigner, was quoted in Today's Challenge, which comforts the Nazis, as saying that our foreign policy is based on the false premise that the fascist governments are in alliance to destroy the democracies. Hoover's Under-secretary of State was said to believe with the pre-Munich English Conservatives that Japan, Germany and Italy were really allied against communism. Mr. Castle gets a very polite press in the Middle West.

General Wood's statement to the National Association of Manufacturers is probably a better summary of the committee's position. "We will not make this war our war," he said, "for that way lie the very evils we seek to avoid—communism, fascism and dictatorship." The assembled industrialists, who had been politely lukewarm about Lewis M. Douglas' proposal that we aid Britain, rose and vigorously applauded Wood.

Aside from the humanitarian and tax issues involved, and the failure of the stock market to respond to armament activity, some business men are doubtless sympathetic to the non-intervention movement because of the hardships war works on them. The Quaker Oats Company of Mr. Stuart's own family offers an illustration of the latter. From its London branch it is getting no money, and its plants in the Netherlands, Germany and Norway are out of its hands for the duration.

In almost any given spot or in any given stratum in America today can be found virtually every shade of opinion on war and peace. But concentrations of opinion do exist in certain places. You find a strong non-intervention current in German communities of unquestioned American loyalties, and the same thing is apparent in other groups that are not pro-German but have something like an Irish antipathy to the English. Partly because this sentiment is more articulate there, the Middle West still ranks regionally as the home of the isolationists—or, to bring the matter up to date, of those who oppose more than "aid a long way short of war."

The avowed Nazis and Fascists are for appeasement or better. The Communists, with bitter memories of the British role in Spain, follow the Moscow line almost with glee. The Socialists are suspicious and aloof, but they are emphatically not for appeasement. Perhaps because of the Irish, German and Italian loyalties in it, the Catholic Church as a whole displays a profound lack of enthusiasm for an extension of our present foreign policy.

The Coughlinites continue to play the Nazi game. The Brooklyn Tablet, official organ of the Brooklyn diocese, avoids open contradiction of the Pope by applauding anti-Semitism with a cleverness of subterfuge exceeded only by that of the Michigan saint himself. William B. Gallagher, president of the Brother Gosselin Chapter of the Jesuit Retreat League, recently told a meeting sponsored by the Social Justice Guild that justice was with the Nazis and Fascists, and that the prayers of "Windy" Churchill are hypocritical because two-thirds of England is utterly pagan, while only one percent of the German and Italian races are without a professed religion.

This is by no means the official attitude of the Church, nor is it typical among laymen. Catholic journalism has an anti-Semitic fringe, but in such publications as The Voice, Coughlinism is vigorously attacked. About the time Cardinal O'Connell was condemning British propaganda in the United States, the Rev. John A. O'Brien called the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies a "mass-murder committee." Father O'Brien's colleague on the Notre Dame faculty, the Rev. Francis E. McMahen, controverted this view and upheld aid to Great Britain.

The Bund, the Italian Fascists, the Christian Front, the Silver Shirts, the Knights of the White Camellia and other exponents of revolution on the Right are now all chorusing with the angels of peace. The brains of this crowd is Lawrence Dennis, editor of a mimeographed paper called The Weekly Foreign Letter. Dorothy Thompson recently pointed out in her column that "Mrs. Lindbergh's phrase 'The Wave of the Future,' and the whole argument which she marshals to support her 'Faith' that communism, fascism and Nazism are riding this wave and that their brutalities are but 'scum' upon it, was first advanced by Mr. Dennis in almost identical words—he called it 'foam' not 'scum'."

The Socialists work with others through the Keep America Out of War Congress, with which are affiliated several religious, pacifist and other groups, some with long and honorable records in the peace movement. The Youth Committee Against War is a subsidiary of the Congress.

The Communists are throwing their support to the American Peace Mobilization, a "mass-membership organization" with local and neighborhood branches. Directors of the APM include representatives of the National Youth Congress, the American Student Union, the Workers' Alliance and labor unions.

World Peaceways, Inc., does not oppose the direction of events, but the speed of them, and it continues its efforts to build up a backlog of peace sentiment as a drag against our entrance into war. Publications have now largely stopped donating advertising space, but the radio program goes ahead full blast. World Peaceways is not appeasement-minded.

Of the other hundred or so organizations with "peace" somewhere in their names, the great majority are now either quiescent or are actively supporting aid to Britain.

ALBERT HORLINGS

Below are listed the leading organizations on the non-intervention and peace front, with the year of their inception:

AMERICA FIRST COMMITTEE (1940), 1806 Board of Trade Building, Chicago. R. Douglas Stuart Jr., national director; General Robert E. Wood, acting chairman.

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AMERICAN PEACE MOBILIZATION (1940), 1116 Vermont Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. Frederick V. Field, executive secretary; Rev. John B. Thompson, chairman. "Combating those steps which we consider steps toward war, particularly aid to Great Britain." Directors include representatives of the National Youth Congress, the American Student Union, the Workers' Alliance and some labor unions.

KEEP AMERICA OUT OF WAR CONGRESS (1938), 22 East Seventeenth Street, New York. John T. Flynn, chairman; Alice L. Dodge, executive secretary. Fascists and Communists barred from membership. Affiliated are:

National Council for Prevention of War (1921), 532 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Frederick J. Libby, executive secretary. One of the largest and most active groups; recently had sixty full-time employees.

Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (1915), 1734 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Dorothy Detzer, executive secretary.

Fellowship of Reconciliation (1915), 2929 Broadway, New York. John Nevin Sayre, chairman. Christian pacifist.

War Resisters' League (1923), 2 Stone Street, New York. Abraham Kaufman, executive secretary. Conscientious objectors.

The World Peace Commission of the Methodist Church, 740 Rush Street, Chicago. Dr. Charles F. Boss Jr., executive secretary.

Peace Section of the American Friends' Service Committee, 20 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia. Ray Newton, director.

Youth Committee Against War (1938), 22 East Seventeenth Street, New York. Fay Bennett, executive secretary. Affiliated with it are: the Youth Section of the War Resisters' League, the Youth Section of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Student Peace Service of the American Friends' Service Committee, the National Council of Methodist Youth and the Young People's Socialist League.

NO FOREIGN WAR COMMITTEE (1940), 100 East Forty-Second Street, New York. Verne Marshall, chairman; Robert A. Lancaster, treasurer.

WORLD PEACEWAYS, INC. (1933), 103 Park Avenue, New York. Estelle M. Sternberger, executive director.

WRITERS' ANTI-WAR BUREAU (1939), 122 East Nineteenth Street, New York. Sidney Hertzberg, director. Publishes magazine Uncensored. Sponsors include Harry Elmer Barnes, Lewis Browne, John Chamberlain, Stuart Chase and many others.

Hillman: Labor Partner

MR. SIDNEY HILLMAN'S new title is associate director of the Office for Production Management. He isn't the director, the boss; Mr. Knudsen is. But, in a real sense, Mr. Hillman's responsibilities are greater than those of any other man save Mr. Roosevelt. In the present emergency, his duty is to keep the American faith. As the representative of labor—which means the mass of people—his job is to see that we don't lose our birthright in defending it.

This job is an immediate, practical issue. The same things that would make the America of the future a bad place to live in—that is, arbitrary rule, hostility to unions, timidity, greed on the part of industrial management—are just those that will prevent speedy, all-out development of our armaments. Mr. Hillman's job, then, is nothing less than to bring about reform, and, what is more difficult, a shift of social climate, in the midst of crisis.

Mr. Hillman has been head of what many observers think is the model labor union of the nation, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, for some twenty-six years. His record as a union leader is as familiar to most Americans as his stocky, remarkably youthful figure, his conservative, beautifully tailored clothes, his slow, carefully phrased speech. But what he has done since he has been labor chief in the defense organization has been obscured, partly by the dubious self-praise of his dollar-a-year associates. Among labor unions, he probably is known primarily as the man who didn't prevent two defense contracts going to Henry Ford. The justness of this accusation we shall return to in a moment.

Within three weeks of his arrival in Washington last June, Mr. Hillman created an advisory board of substantial figures from the AFL, the CIO and the railroad brotherhoods. The greatest danger that organized labor then faced, and to a lesser degree still faces, was that labor's energies would be spilled into useless jurisdictional warfare between the AFL and the CIO, that labor would not solidly defend itself against employer pressures. At the time Mr. Hillman picked his board, Mr. William Green of the AFL and Mr. John L. Lewis, then head of the CIO, were sulkily refusing to have anything to do with each other, or with Mr. Hillman. Out of nothingness, Mr. Hillman established an informal labor front; it was a magnificent strategical feat.

At the same time one of Mr. Hillman's deputies, Mr. C. R. Dooley of Socony-Vacuum, was setting up a system of industrial advisers, one for each of twenty-two major industrial districts. These advisers, directly responsible to Mr. Hillman, are outfitted with assisting councils of their own, composed of local AFL, CIO and railroad-brotherhood leaders. Thus labor unity is being carried down to the rank-and-file workers. These district advisers have the job of furnishing labor to defense factories. But since the adequacy of labor supply may depend on production methods, management efficiency, housing, policy toward unions or a hundred other matters, the industrial-adviser system, at least potentially, gives labor a chance to share in the whole defense effort. Seventeen of these advisers, with their councils, are already functioning. The remaining five, delayed by AFL-CIO quarrels, will be established shortly.

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Through another deputy, Dr. Floyd W. Reeves, formerly head of the American Youth Commission, Mr. Hillman has carried out a huge program of work training. About a half million men have already passed through preliminary and refresher courses and entered the arms factories. Under Mr. Hillman's urgings, the normal apprentice system has been greatly expanded.

If not the originator, Mr. Hillman was the first powerful advocate of "farming out"—subcontracting—defense orders. Strictly, this was outside his province as the NDAC's labor adviser. But Mr. Hillman—as his labor colleagues have long since discovered—is the repository of almost incredible masses of diverse information. When the NDAC assembled, it was found that Mr. Hillman, alone of the defense chiefs, had detailed, accurate knowledge of British rearmament, of Britain's "bits and pieces" policy. His assistant, Mr. Morris L. Cooke, industrial engineer and former REA administrator, organized detailed surveys of unused factory space and machine-tool resources in many localities, notably in Ohio and Kansas. Today, some six months later, Messrs. Patterson and Forrestal, the Under-secretaries of War and Navy, are devoting themselves to promoting the "farming-out" program; the defense authorities are agreed it is the most likely means of hurrying up defense.

Probably labor will make its gains, or suffer its losses, in day-by-day dealings with management, rather than from plans devised in Washington. The largest part of Mr. Hillman's job, and the least known, has been his intervention in labor disputes that have arisen since the defense program was inaugurated. The men the public has seen have been the Labor Department's gifted conciliators, Messrs. Steelman and Dewey; behind them, hour after hour at the long-distance telephone, has been Mr. Hillman. Which brings us back to the Ford contracts.

The first contract given to Ford was for British-type liquid-cooled airplane engines, in the amount of $122,000,000. Mr. Hillman protested. At a meeting of the NDAC and War Department chiefs, Mr. Hillman was told that Ford was the only industrial plant then available that could execute the order, and that speed might decide the war. In these terms, Mr. Hillman had no real choice but to acquiesce. He received promises that no future contracts would go either to Ford or any other labor-baiting corporation.

About a month ago Ford was given a $2,000,000 contract for army scout cars. It is an illuminating commentary on the defense organization that no one within the NDAC could be held responsible. Mr. Knudsen had been unaware of the contract. His assistant, Mr. John D. Biggers, had seen it, but not approved it. The fault lay nominally in the procurement division of the War Department. There is reason for thinking that Mr. Hillman, in unwontedly positive phrases, demanded a show-down with Under-secretary Patterson. And, according to one version of the interview, Mr. Patterson was able to prove that he, like Mr. Knudsen, had not known of the contract's existence.

The major contracts of the 1940 defense program have been let. The question whether the Roosevelt administration is prepared to use its powers to force anti-union employers to abide by the National Labor Relations Act probably will not arise until the present program is expanded, and new contracts are offered Ford and Bethlehem Steel, the other major offender. On good authority, it can be said that this day has been foreseen and discussed within the OPM. Mr. Hillman's partisans say that Ford and Bethlehem will not be permitted to refuse new contracts, and that the contracts will contain clauses safeguarding labor's rights. The phrase used is: "The government will not let these factories stand idle." Observers think that Mr. Hillman's ability to persuade the OPM to face up to Ford and Bethlehem will be powerfully influenced by the loyalty with which Messrs. Green and Murray support him.

JONATHAN MITCHELL

Man on a Bridge

One time
in youthful falls
he roasted stolen apples
in the smoking leaf-fires
and the sweet-sharp smells
of juice and bitter smoldering leaves
were mixed forever

(and the blackened cracking peels,
the green-white flesh laid bare,
were mixed forever with the fire,
the red layers bright when the wind blew,
the brown and earthy piles from which
the white smoke sifted thick)

forever mixed mysteriously
so now the one's
an instant arch
quick to the other
across the years:

and he like a not quite sure
man on a bridge treads dubiously
from this to then and that to now
thinking of theft and food and fire
while under flows unseen unheard
the tireless weaving river.

RICHARD SULLIVAN

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Hamlet and the Presidency

AMERICA is plunged into a vast collective Hamlet-reverie, set off by the question of the grant of presidential power in the lease-lend bill. To give or not to give, to trust or not to trust. Of course, we screen our basic indecision by talking of the danger of "blank-check" delegation of power by Congress. And yet we know that if we are to have effective action we must look to the executive for it. But when it comes to the question of empowering him to use the full force of our nation we hesitate. We are caught between the will to act and the fear of mastery.

Ever since the struggle of Parliament against the Tudors and Stuarts, the English-speaking world has associated freedom with the legislature, security with the courts, and potential tyranny with the executive. And in the shadow of Nazism we are even more inclined to regard the reactionary Congress that we have as the bulwark of our liberty and the progressive President that we have as a potential Hitler.

This madness is not without its method, if you view it in terms of the struggle for control of the American state. For the presidency has always been the great stumbling block of the moneyed minority group in American life, and the great instrument of majority-rule democracy. Who have been the strong Presidents? They have been the people's Presidents, the champions of the democratic cause—Jackson, Lincoln, TR, Wilson, FDR.

It is no matter of surprise therefore that your reactionary regards the strong President as anti-Christ—unless indeed the President be his own, which he has not been because the cue of reactionary Presidents has been to leave well enough alone and let corporate power take its course. And today the isolationist-appeasement-tory group sheds crocodile tears over the danger of dictatorship when it would like nothing better than a good whopping try at the same dictatorship. The aid-to-Britain conservatives are torn between two impulses. Their spokesman, The New York Herald Tribune, headed its lease-lend editorial "The Great Dilemma." As indeed it was for those who fear the collapse of Britain but fear equally in America an aroused people, believing in its own democracy and willing to use its majority-rule sanctions to fight for it.

For that is what the presidency is: not our master, nor indeed, in any but an unctuous sense, our servant; but a weapon, the greatest majority-weapon our democracy has thus far shaped. Of course it is dangerous. All weapons are, if you do not know how to use them. That is why we keep in our own hands the actual fashioning of broad policy; that is why we watch hawk-like in Congress, in the press, on the radio, every move of the President. If you have followed the bitter day-to-day struggle of American foreign policy ever since Hitler wrote his will across the European skies, you will testify that nowhere in the world have the main outlines of policy been so insistently debated and so carefully shaped as here. Once that policy has been decided, the presidency becomes the focal point of will and action.

Why don't the liberals know this? I have a letter from a professor in a great university saying that in a crisis the inevitable tendency is toward a strong presidency, and therefore he intends to work critically in the other direction. But that isn't so. Buchanan was a crisis President as well as Lincoln. There was nothing inevitable about Lincoln. Hoover was a crisis President as well as Roosevelt. The one thing "inevitable" in a crisis state is the strong drive for the suppression of civil liberties. I regard the present drive against "Reds," typified by the sub-mentality of the feudal Democrats in Oklahoma and the Irish Democrats in New York, as the most dangerous force in our country. At Albany Senator Coughlin has introduced a criminal-syndicalism bill which would clap you into prison for ten years for having dangerous thoughts; and Senator Dunnigan has introduced an anti-ism bill which would deny you the ballot for reading aloud one of Jefferson's speeches.

I think that this fear of repression underlies a good deal of the liberals' hesitation about an effective presidency. Yet the great threat to civil liberties comes generally from state legislatures and local police desperadoes. And the federal government has, up to now, done far more to control the flames than to fan them.

The basic reason, I think, for the indecision of the liberals is their Great Tradition of never being happy unless they are in the opposition. They want to see a good society created, but they dare not be in on the creation. They are most of them Villards or Flynns, whose loftiest dream stretches only to a sort of veto power over other people's actions. They are incapable in their twisted solitude of having a hand in those majority-rule revolutions that have been the glory of American history.

Actually the man in the street sees more clearly here than they do. He wasn't worried over the third-term issue, and he isn't worried much about the present delegation of power. He knows that every scare the press has created about presidential power in the last eight years has proved unfounded. He knows that in a time of lightning war the executive cannot be put into mental fetters in its conduct of foreign policy. There is in him little of the Hamlet death-urge, and little of the Hamlet indecision.

MAX LERNER

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Washington Notes

Hill-Billy Cousin Cord

MOST OBSERVERS are agreed that the lease-loan bill to aid England will move through the Senate with a minimum of difficulty. That Senator Wheeler was successful in defeating the Supreme Court reorganization plan in 1937 was never proof that he could win against the present measure. There is a concrete reason why the trouble-making potentialities of the Wheeler group have been so greatly reduced. It is the personality of Secretary Hull.

The real history of the aid-Britain bill goes back to Key Pittman's death last autumn, and the promotion to his place as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of Senator George of Georgia. Mr. Hull and Mr. George—just as it might be said of Mr. Hull and every congressional old-timer—are fast friends. There is every reason to think that they entered into a public-spirited conspiracy. Only two years ago, Mr. Roosevelt had tried to purge Mr. George. But, by the first fruits of the Hull-George plot, Mr. George seized every opportunity unreservedly to praise Mr. Roosevelt.

Next Mr. Hull began softening up the President. His means here are less evident; it may be guessed that he enlisted the help of Mr. Roosevelt's favorite, Senator Byrnes of South Carolina. The Supreme Court bill, you will recall, was written by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Homer Cummings; no congressional dignitary knew of its existence until it was sent to the Capitol. Repeatedly Mr. Roosevelt refused to have a phrase, even a word, modified. Consider how differently he behaved on the present occasion. The first persons to be told of the lease-lend bill were the Senate and House Democratic leaders. They were permitted to announce what its terms would be. No administration lawyer touched the text, which was entirely written by Congress's own bill-drafting experts. And the bill was deliberately written to encourage compromises.

Such matters, you may say, are trifling. Admittedly so. Yet, realistically, the democratic process is mostly the business of persuading elderly, cantankerous, inordinately vain election-winners to work and vote in unison. Mr. Hull is a sort of Michelangelo in the art of handling people. His mountain ancestry has been perhaps overdramatized. Nevertheless, the quickest way to describe him now is to say he is a-feudin' with Adolf Hitler. Against his unheralded, low-visibility maneuvers, Messrs. Burt Wheeler and Bennett Clark are likely to be no more than lost children.

Square in the center of vast political struggles—struggles that may determine the ultimate future of the New Deal party—is the career of fiery little Mayor LaGuardia. The report from New York that he has been invited to be one of Mr. Roosevelt's executive assistants, in direct charge of the defense effort, is generally believed here. The old New Deal group are beginning to be badly crowded by the millionaire patriots of the new Office for Production Management. They need someone who can yell and pound a desk-top for expansion in the steel and aluminum industries, and in railroad facilities. And who can present the New Deal viewpoint forcefully to the President.

The New Deal also needs Mr. LaGuardia desperately in New York. The critical importance of the New York political situation is unhappily being overlooked. The new Democratic national chairman, Mr. Edward J. Flynn, reputedly a fastidious, retiring semi-invalid, is now grabbing for national power. It is being suddenly discovered that Mr. Flynn is a dear pal of every second big-business man in the country, including the darkly mysterious oil promoter and stock-market operator, Mr. Bernard ("Sell 'em Ben") Smith, lately returned from Vichy. If Mr. LaGuardia withdraws from New York politics, Mr. Flynn, joining his personally owned Bronx to the Brooklyn machine, will take over in the mayoralty election next fall. He will own New York's congressional delegation, and New York's votes in another Democratic convention; only dynamite will be able to blast him loose from his as yet unconsolidated national leadership.

Mr. LaGuardia's course is singularly difficult. It may be guessed that he would like one of the New York senatorships. But the traditionally down-state New York seat is held by Mr. Robert F. Wagner, perhaps the Senate's most useful and distinguished member. All during last winter, Mr. LaGuardia received tentative offers of the secretaryship of War; today he might be persuaded to accept it. But it happens that a little noticed drama is now playing about that office. When Mr. Stimson was invited to come to Washington, it was known that his health was not of the best, that he was loath to leave the ease of his Long Island home. Accordingly, the New Dealers expected that, once the selective-service bill—in which he was keenly interested—was passed, he would resign.

But despite very obvious hints, questions planted in press conferences and columns in Washington newspapers, Mr. Stimson is cheerfully carrying on. He has had a great deal to do with furthering the career of Judge Patterson, now his Under-secretary in the War Department, and seems to feel a fatherly pride in his progress. It is fairly clear that Mr. Stimson means to continue until it is assured that Mr. Patterson will take his place. Thus the only job open to Mr. LaGuardia is among the President's Silent Six. While he would be enormously effective there, it is not a post commensurate with his great political experience and abilities. There should be a Cabinet place for Mr. LaGuardia, and there should be two LaGuardias, so one could stay in New York.

Many observers have decided that this country is now engaged in all-out economic warfare with the Axis and Japan. It is known that economic warfare—as it was brilliantly waged by Mr. Baruch's War Industries Board in 1917-18—has been under discussion by the Treasury, State and Commerce Departments and the NDAC. The report that American representatives in Mexico are bidding against Japanese buyers for mercury, wolframite and other strategic metals is taken to mean that the offensive has started. It is pointed out that if this country undertakes to corner world commodities, the countries that will be most quickly affected will be Japan, Russia and Spain. Japan and Spain are among our totalitarian enemies, but should we fight Russia? It is hard to estimate just how great Russia's im-

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port needs will be in the next few months. If they are acute, economic warfare may help to bring about a clarification of our present ambiguous relations with Moscow.

Washington T. R. B.

The Enjoyment of Murder

Arsenic and Old Lace, by Joseph Kesselring. Fulton Theatre, January 10, 1941.

Mr. and Mrs. North, by Owen Davis, from the stories by Frances and Richard Lockridge. Belasco Theatre, January 12, 1941.

NOW AS FOR "Arsenic and Old Lace," I have never seen anything in the theatre that was, if we get down to brass tacks, truly and fundamentally like it. We could, of course, say that audiences have screeched and roared before, but the fact remains that it was never for quite the same reasons.

On murder plays the reviewer's lips are sealed, but no harm can come from mentioning the fact that Mr. Raymond Sovey's Brooklyn drawing-room, with its bourgeois expensiveness—in Father's time it had its own stuffy self-complacency, pretentious pseudo-estheticism—is a genuine contribution to the occasion. It is a real theatrical body for what is pure theatre essence—this is a play that crashes the gates of all probability and reason, and at will borrows either the wings of fantasy or the nipping air of science.

We need merely say, then, that the company for "Arsenic and Old Lace" has been chosen with nothing, and nobody, to regret: there is not a false note in this whole evening of heavenly falsities. Miss Josephine Hull and Miss Jean Adair, as the murderous sisters putting lonely and sorrowful men to rest till a round dozen of them are buried in the cellar, have all the wit in the world, as they take care to fill that world with parochial lace, poison and elderberry wine and stage brilliance. Mr. Allyn Joslyn as the dramatic critic who is by nature a sports reporter and thus full of animus toward the theatre, and by birth the cook's son and thus free of the taint of insanity in the family, plays delightfully. He scores every point in exactly the key required, and gives the necessary impression of being an actor of experience, energy and click, not to mention a certain stylish inflection and pressure that his scenes take on.

It seems that these two producers, Mr. Russel Crouse and Mr. Howard Lindsay, who have done so much in "Life with Father" to forward the singing punch of everyman's theatre, had an idea about Mr. Frankenstein Boris Karloff of horrific memory in films; they invited him to grace the cast of their projected murder Lambs' Gambol, as it were. According to his press, Mr. Karloff was modestly terrified at the prospect, and accepted only upon the assurance that there would be "other parts equally as good" as his. For though Mr. Karloff (born Pratt, in Dulwich, near London, and trained at King's College for a diplomatic career, but temperamentally swept out of consular into theatrical activities) had done plenty of acting, it had been confined to the sticks, precisely as his triumphs had been released in the films. He must have known he would be remarkable. There is a derelict plastic surgeon—admirably played by Mr. Edgar Stehli—who furthers the story by reshaping the face of the criminally insane nephew of our Brooklyn ladies into an image sweeping his innermost thoughts, namely, Boris Karloff of the moving pictures. And so this is what Mr. Karloff plays, always subtly, in fine taste, diabolically, with excellent stage instinct and choice style. I should say that Mr. Karloff is a real addition to our stage, in both taste and a kind of static power.

A glance into the Sunday columns will show how successful "Arsenic and Old Lace" has proved to be. To this happy result the play's management of the dénouement —the point at which the average comedy goes to pieces— contributes a great deal. The dénouement here is so successful in fact that we are tempted to ask what other piece ever quite came off with that horrible happiness that marks the conclusion of "Arsenic and Old Lace."

There is provided also, after the final curtain, the funniest and wittiest curtain call ever heard of. It seems almost too much cricket to refrain from telling more about such a curtain after such a dénouement.

Apart from this rose of happiness and expectation, and all the unforgettable entertainment represented in this sinful felicity and quaint, impeccable taste, the main point to be noted is the directing and production. This play was staged by Mr. Bretaigne Windust, but the producers are Mr. Howard Lindsay and Mr. Russel Crouse, the men behind that other triumph, "Life with Father." We could scarcely see this later piece and fail to note the similarity of touch that is everywhere manifest. He would be simple indeed who failed to think of "Life with Father" when he sees the kind of timing that appears throughout "Arsenic and Old Lace," or the lovable gusto, and the shrewd, lavender appeal to our sentiments, or the smart stage movement, the awareness and the whimsy, not to speak of a certain vivacity of approach that we associate as a rule with musical comedy, but that, as the producers apply it in these two comedies, serves to bustle things along.

It is unfortunate that this play, with its whimsical niceties of homicide, should come so close in mood and date to the comedy that Mr. Owen Davis has fashioned out of the Lockridge stories. It would be a mistake, however, for this comedy of "Mr. and Mrs. North" to let itself be drawn out of its own proper orbit and into a mistaken competition in kind. The play has charming qualities and needs only to find its own way, and to have its individual theatre values lovingly developed in the playing and sharpened up by some further attendance on the part of the director. A good deal is thrown away in the performance as it now stands.

Both these plays, curiously enough—which is a mere literary phrase, I should say the connection is obvious—bring to mind the history of vaudeville[1] that Mr. Douglas Gilbert has recently brought out. "American Vaudeville: Its Life and Times" is an absorbing and devoted record. Ironically enough, the aspect of vaudeville that could be of most value to our actors is largely omitted: I mean the matter of stage projection, presentation, sure-fire putting it over that was the life and acid test of vaudeville and its technical necessity. Otherwise Mr. Gilbert's book is a gold mine of information, a prattling delight, full of the data of vaudeville and its figures, and, true to the theatre profession, tinged with a happy nostalgia. STARK YOUNG

[1] American Vaudeville: Its Life and Times, by Douglas Gilbert. New York: Whittlesey House. 428 pages. $3.50.

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Methods of Madness

"Go west" is a picture full of Marx Brothers in their best style; and it is also something of a revolution, or seems like one in these times, when comedy has gone pretty much to verbal play, plot development, meaning even. This is buffoonery at the expense of all Winnings of the West (you could not call it satire, they're having too much terrifying fun from one minute to the next to be bothered with a consistent edge). Harpo and Chico go out to prospect for gold; Groucho goes out to prospect. They all get involved in a bad-man plot to swindle the Forty-niner and his daughter out of Death Gulch, soon to be railroad right of way, and John Carroll as a Clark Gable young man is involved with the girl, and everybody takes part in a breakdown race to get the deed back to the railroad and close the deal.

Through this the gags run three to the minute, naturally, and it is impossible that you will have heard all of them before ("You love your brother, don't you?"—"No, but I got used to him," and "Send for a St. Bernard, I'm snowbound," have been stolen even by Lou Holtz, but there are plenty with the mint-marks left). Harpo as usual plays the harp, this time with a nice wrinkle; Chico plays the piano, as usual but no wrinkle; Groucho plays cigar and obliges in one ensemble number with some blue riffs that must have come from the heart, and in another number does a very hot Black Bottom take-out, with his usual crouch. And of course all the boys run as usual straight up every girl they meet and they meet a lot.

Many things are as before, but in general, here for the first time in years is a picture that goes right back to Keystone, not just because everything is blowing up or breaking down, as God knows it seems to be, but because it was made with an infectious crazy exuberance and a constant flow of invention, and it is done in motion. This isn't so true of the first part, which is more in the hard-working funny-hat manner, but by the time the brothers start to take the Crystal Palace saloon apart, there are always more things happening than you can keep track of. (In a way this is all to the good: some of them are not funny.) The scene where Groucho keeps toasting the flower of Southern womanhood (they're all sisters but he has to toast three separate states: mother lived in a trailer) to cover up the safe-blowing operations in the next room, and presently everybody is either drunk or coming in through several doors with a gun, is imbecility in just the proper key. The musical on-the-trail number that follows is just enough offhand and off-key and weirdly instrumented to take the curse off a musical number; the next sequence at the Indian village starts the laughter in earnest (John Collier will presumably request an injunction); and the final all-in sequence of the race with the train achieves the perfect spontaneous world of madmen. Here individuals are lost in the furioso of the main action with its constant multiplication of gag and device, its speed and explosion balanced by the almost fairyland quality of the train suddenly running after itself in a circle, accompanied by merry-go-round music and the business of catching the brass ring in the nose of the farm bull. This is comedy, for once, with no time for S. N. Behrman; and I shake its hand.

"Trail of the Vigilantes" is something like "Go West" in having action and also taking sly cuts at the whole action-picture tradition. But it is no such merry shambles as the other and it falls short of satire—in the same way but even shorter. Its failure is one of indecision over what Western wheeze to kid and what to milk for all it's worth in story interest; and instead of Marx Brothers, in at least two main characters it has people. The story is one of a tenderfoot but competent federal agent being sent out where a vigilante ring has been turned into a racket (the word, like the phrase Associated Farmers, is contemporary; the custom is perennial). He is to see what goes, and being Franchot Tone he does, to the mortification of Warren William and the best interests of such honest folk as the father of the farmer's daughter. He has the assistance of Broderick Crawford, who is a solid man to have around, and the open-comedy team of Mischa Auer and Andy Devine. There is a lot of action, hell on horseback, and quite a lot of outdoors sometimes nobly brought up in the cameras. There is everything the director (Allan Dwan) needed, whichever way he took it.

But he made it like the word whichever, somehow without belief either way. The effect is given of someone playing a fairly serious straight part but occasionally introducing cracks in asides, as if to cover up and say "I could be better things." As light amusement it does all right, but it is still amusement in confusion.

Although it isn't usually the case that a poor movie provides enough innocent fun to be worth sitting through to the end, I think this can be said of "Victory," a picture now on display. It has a Conrad setting and characters at least superficially interesting, and the good performance in villainy of Jerome Cowan and Cedric Hardwicke. There isn't much motion to it, though there is always at its back that mine of fascination, the Conrad East and the curiosities of sin. But as adapted by John Balderston and directed by John Cromwell, it is so jerrybuilt in both detail and general management that it needs something more than its own story to be bearable. And I think you will find this redeeming delight in watching the hollow dramatics of Fredric March and Betty Field, increasingly front and center as the film progresses. Apparently someone played a joke on Mr. March by tipping him off that Heyst was really meant to be a sleepwalker; but however it was managed, there is achieved a combination of amateur theatricals and earnest emptiness of motive and motion which will throw a blanket of reminiscent affection around this solemn, innocent and exotic buffoonery.

"Third Finger, Left Hand" is something I forgot to mention at the time of release, and it is hardly memorable. But there are some funny things in it, and an especially funny ending on a train, and if you have not got completely weary of the type of comedy it is, it will do for an off night. The type is the MGM spoof and glitter story of love fighting itself off through curious complications and then fighting itself right back in again. The girl wears a wedding ring to protect her job and other things, and when Melvyn Douglas finds the husband is a myth he is first put out and then the husband himself, and Myrna Loy is the editor of a magazine.

OTIS FERGUSON

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The Bandwagon

Every girl can inspire romance, provided she is the ideal that the man has in his heart. – *Loretta Young's "My Recipe for Romance," in The Pittsburgh Press.*

What I think is that this country is more in danger from a high standard of living than a low one. The overfed are not clear-headed. Ask any doctor. – *Saunders Norvell in Hardware Age.*

That I have been permitted to write freely what I would is due to that respect for freedom of honest expression which I have found everywhere in Germany. Certainly propaganda against the state and people is not permitted; but with this natural reservation, I can say that the authorities here display a breadth of mind which must seem astonishing. – *William Joyce ("Lord Haw-Haw") in his new book, "Twilight Over England," quoted in Leonard Carlton's radio column in The New York Post.*

Ideas *Were* Weapons

HARVARD classic $35, or trade for gun. V. Frable, 857 Bessemer, Clairton, Pa. – *Advertisement in the "Swaps" column of The Pittsburgh Press.*

1941 Looks Good Too

From what has been said, it is clear that, despite the war, this has been a very good year in the field of history. – *"European History: Books of the Year," by Gaudens Megaro in The New Republic.*

Horizontal?

The last six nominations for the 1940 Tribune community service award were announced Monday. . . . Lee Hamilton, funeral director.—C. R. Jeffries, 430 E. Locust Street, said Hamilton has been responsible for placing at least 50 young men in permanent positions. – *News story in The Des Moines Tribune.*

Boys-Will-Be-Boys Department

General Trujillo complained that upon one memorable occasion his army was just a mite too efficient. He had remarked to his staff, in a most informal manner, that he sometimes thought it would be a good idea if all Haitians had their heads cut off. The next day he found that his army was in Haiti, doing the job. He promptly called them off and sent apologies to the Haitian government, but not before 5,000 persons had been killed. – *From an article by Helen Lombard on the "colorful" General in PM.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Harlem and Anti-Semitism

SIR: The review of my book, "Harlem: Negro Metropolis" [The New Republic, November 25] is not only a distortion of its principal idea and the documented facts, but it also contains misquotations. The statement, "Sufi's open anti-Semitism [is] denied by McKay, who asserts that he was only anti-Jewish," is a vile and sinister lie. No such statement appears in any part of my book nor does it otherwise represent my point of view.

Ever since the Nazis surged to power in Germany, invigorating national and racial antagonisms, I have warned against the danger of mixing up the social problems of the Negro minority with anti-Semitic issues. Sufi Abdul Hamid was a crude, popular labor agitator, who possessed a powerful sway over the masses of Harlem and won the support of a considerable proportion of the unemployed white-collar group. It is regrettable that he was branded as a Black Hitler and anti-Semite in the nation's press, even though he denied the charges of anti-Semitism and was acquitted of such by the New York courts and exonerated by the Harlem police. A consultation of available records will establish these facts as set forth in my book.

The unscrupulous Negro and white persons who misrepresented the Sufi's Jobs-for-Negroes campaign as anti-Semitic were not acting in the interest of the Negro or the Jewish minority or the nation as a whole.

Your reviewer also misquotes me on the issue of so-called "segregation." He says, "The Negro masses, the once radical McKay contends, desire . . . separatism." Politically or socially, in my book or in my mind, there is no idea of Negro separatism. I have written: "An analysis of the popular movements of Harlem shows that they all spring from the simple instinctive urge of the Negro masses to support some form of community enterprise." And I have advocated the Negroes' consciously and actively assuming greater community responsibility, and the development and uplifting of the Negro communities—our depressed areas—to the general American standard.

New York City CLAUDE MCKAY

SIR: Mr. McKay's insistence that the late Sufi Abdul Hamid was not anti-Semitic is more than surprising. As city editor of The Amsterdam News and later as Harlem reporter for The New York Post, I interviewed Sufi at least a half-dozen times over a five-year period, and not once did he deny the charge. Rather, he defended his anti-Semitic position. My last published interview with Sufi appeared in The Post in 1938, a short time before his death, and he complimented me warmly on the story. In that story I quoted Sufi on his early efforts to get Nazi financial backing for the creation of a uniformed Black Legion to combat Jews in Harlem. The interview was based on his change of front when he organized his mystic "Temple of Tranquility," and invited all people, including Jews, to join his cult. Prior to this, however, Sufi had been a leading figure in the openly anti-Semitic "Pacific Movement," which was organized by a Filipino fakir after the collapse of Sufi's Negro Industrial and Clerical Alliance. In exposing this petty racket, I quoted a speech of Sufi's in which he urged his "Pacific" followers to "meet a Jew on the street, pull out his tongue and spit down his throat." I had heard him make that same statement at least once before at a street meeting. Sufi's influence and following have been greatly exaggerated by Claude McKay, however.

Mr. McKay's unexplained distinction between "anti-Semitic" and "anti-Jewish" feeling is made in several places in his book. On page 200 he speaks of the "anti-Jewish, if not anti-Semitic, feeling" among Italian business men in Harlem. And, on page

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208, in denying the existence of anti-Semitism among Negroes, he writes of "a reactionary attitude [which] has created a certain anti-Jewish feeling, which is strongest among the white-collar blacks, and specially those who were formerly Communists and Socialists."

I am sure that any reader of Claude McKay's book—and I sincerely hope he has many—will agree that he proposes the acceptance of segregation as the way out for the Negro. Especially does he stress this in writing about the labor movement. On page 216, in discussing exploited Negro workers, he writes: "They simply cannot be organized with whites who have a higher standard of wages." And in his recurrent attacks on mixed unions, he consistently ignores the benefits Negroes have received in higher wages, shorter hours, trade-union practice and education. Instead he smears practically every attempt at interracial coöperation and boosts a set of "popular leaders" whose only asset seems to be the color of their skins.

Washington, D. C. TED POSTON

Please Buy a Bond

SIR: We have adopted the draft as the best method of obtaining men for the army. But dollars, apparently, are to be raised by an old-fashioned recruiting campaign. Why the distinction?

"Young man," says Uncle Sam, "we need you to defend our shores and our way of life. You must give up your present job and submit to military training. While in the army you will receive $30 a month. This means a considerable sacrifice on your part, but we must all make sacrifices for our country now. I hope you will get your job back when your service is over, but of course I can hardly guarantee that. In a free-enterprise economy you can't compel employers to hire men they don't want. Here's your uniform."

Having obtained men for the army and navy, Uncle Sam finds that he needs a lot of dollars to finance his program of defense. Some he will raise by taxation, but a great many dollars will have to be borrowed. And so he approaches the man who has money in the bank.

"Here, sir," says Uncle Sam, "is a nice government bond. Would you be so kind as to buy it? Of course you don't have to if you don't want to; a man's money is his own to do with as he pleases. But I really do need your money for defense. I'll pay you the going rate of interest for your dollars, and if you are not satisfied with that, I'll raise the rate. And of course you'll get your money back to the last cent when the bond matures. That is a promise of the government. Moreover, if you find a better use for your money in the meantime you can always sell your bond in the market. I'm not really asking you to make any sacrifice. Your dollars have been idle for a long time now, for private industry has not wanted to borrow them. Isn't two percent better than no return on your money? Or shall we make it three percent? This will mean a nice increase in your present income. Come, be patriotic and buy the bond. It will be a good investment during the post-rearmament depression."

A great many people are wondering, I think, why Uncle Sam should talk in one way to young men and in another way to dollars. They are wondering why he should ask a financial sacrifice of draftees and pay a bonus to investors. And why young men should be less secure in their jobs than investors in their capital.

The President has asked for sacrifices from all for the defense of freedom and democracy. Let us use the methods of democracy now in order to ensure that the sacrifices shall be equally distributed. Otherwise, as so often happens, our moral aims will be lost when a military victory is won.

Boston, Mass. GEORGE R. WALKER

Bedfellows

SIR: In his article, "The Appeasement Tropism" [The New Republic, January 6], Samuel Grafton is wrong for somewhat the same reason the Communists were wrong about Finland. He has attempted to indict a given social theory by pointing out the reactionaries who support that theory and crying, "Your bedfellows are men afraid of social change. Your policy is the policy of reaction." The Communists did the same in December, 1939; for when all else failed to convince, they proudly came forth with the same bedfellow argument: 1. Herbert Hoover is a reactionary. 2. Herbert Hoover supports Finland. 3. Therefore, Finland is no democracy, and all those who support Hoover's Finland are reactionaries by identification.

There was a time, perhaps before the Spanish civil war, when most of our thinking was ordered along this line. If W. R. Hearst was for a thing, most enlightened people were against it. But with the coming of this war as a manifestation of a revolution cataclysmic in proportion, more careful thinking is in order.

Even the delimiting phrase "on the whole" is not sufficient to make a workable thesis of Mr. Grafton's "appeasement tropism." The isolationists grade from General Hugh Johnson to Norman Thomas; and the aid-England group from Martin Dies to Bruce Bliven. Between these, in both groups, there lies the rest of progressive and reactionary America. The one "inordinately interesting characteristic" shared by both groups is this: no matter which side you may choose as the one holding the key to the maintenance of American democracy, you will have a substantial number of bedfellows who are "partisans of the past" and a substantial number who are "friends of the future."

Baltimore, Md. MELVYN SEEMAN

Get-Together Department

SIR: Recently The New York Herald Tribune announced a new organization to be known as "American Seeds for British Soil," the idea being that Britain may be saved if we send enough vegetable seeds to prevent any shortage this spring in the English supply.

On the first mail that day I received "Sutton's Amateur's Guide in Horticulture, and Garden Seed Catalogue for 1941," from the famous English seedsmen, Sutton and Sons, Reading. One paragraph, addressed especially to Americans, reads: "You will be pleased to know that notwithstanding the European war, our export business is being maintained as usual, and, with the exception of a few varieties of vegetable seeds which are in short supply, we hold complete stocks of our world-famous strains. The British government freely grant us permission to send seeds to the United States and there is no difficulty at all in importing them into your country."

To simplify things all round, why do not the British "Buy British" of Sutton and save transportation costs?

New Haven, Conn. CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

Mechanics v. White Collars

SIR: Good mechanics deserves a better rating than it now receives at the hands of educators, as it requires far more brains than routine white-collar jobs. Why do we not have mechanical colleges that grant the degree of bachelor of mechanics for those who satisfactorily complete a four-year course beyond the senior high school? This would encourage people who are naturally inclined to mechanics to perfect themselves in lines that fit their natural ability. Why is mechanics lower socially than household economics or stenography?

Students who become semi-skilled workers could hold certificates for the work they are capable of doing, but master

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mechanics deserve a better social rating. Work for degrees or certificates should be done on real jobs under practical mechanics, as was intended when manual training was put into our secondary schools.

Boston, Mass. H. PARKER

Then the Planes Come Over

SIR: American sympathy and praise do us a power of good. It is difficult to measure that kind of assistance, but I remember in Madrid an English brigadier told me furiously that we weren't turning out the right stuff for them in our papers and books and poems—we were too cold and too lofty and too much afraid of being "jingo," and as a result they felt neglected and had no stimulus to courage. I did understand then (but it was very difficult to get anything printed that was not both rigid and decent!) and I understand it fully now. Churchill takes the right line for the times, I think, and the *excitement* shown in your papers and by your writers when we pull anything off successfully (and no one is more wryly amused than we are at the catches we've missed) is a great help. Companionship, and someone to show off in front of, is what one needs in a tight corner like this.

American *aid*, as I have seen it, is immensely useful too: the "Bundles" have done a vast amount of good to the morale of the homeless, destitute people. Our own people simply tried to provide old clothes—darned and nasty and out of date. I've seen them and they were shameful. Your stuff is new and smart and I've heard from many refugee people that to be given a pleasant, smart outfit of new clothes ("*American* clothes," they say gleefully!) has completely wiped off them that feeling of being lost and desolate and deserted.

It is a strange, dreamlike confusion of real life and mad life. Everything goes on just as usual, except that we feel the food shortage now. But then at night, directly it is dark, the planes come over. Sometimes high and singly, and then they just go across to somewhere else, occasionally dropping a bomb or two (which is frightening until you assert some kind of reason in your mind), and other times they come in packs and then there's a heavy barrage. I stand outside and watch the shell-bursts over the dark outline of our hills, and occasionally see a glare of fire, or run for cover because a sound is too near. And sometimes neighbors come in with grim stories of small cottages gone, or a remote farmhouse hit overnight. Then it is morning and it looks ordinary again, except at week-ends when we often get sudden air battles or day bombers going over like wild geese, very high and straight.

This kind of thing, and the oddness of writing on a kitchen table that is packed around with sand-bags (the best air-raid shelter we could devise, owing to scarcity of material now), is all we have to tell you. When I was digging up artichokes the other day I found a burnt-out incendiary bomb, about two feet in the earth. We never heard that one (they don't make much noise). It was about twelve yards away from the house. I packed it up and sent it to the U. S. A., maybe it will fetch some money, in some place that hasn't yet admired our pretty implements of pleasure, for the Bundles or some similar committee. On the customs form I had to write: "One incendiary bomb, used. Probable value, 6d."

Frome Vauchurch, Dorset, England VALENTINE ACKLAND

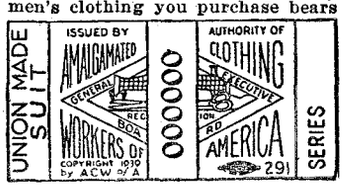
AMALGAMATED CLOTHING WORKERS of AMERICA

"That's my Union"

250,000 organized clothing workers are proud of the union that has banished the sweatshop from the men's clothing industry.

The nation's clothing workers deserve your support in their fight to keep the sweatshop out of America. You can do your part by demanding that every article of men's clothing you purchase bears the union label of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America — your guarantee of clothing manufactured under fair labor standards, by skilled union craftsmen.

DEMAND THE AMALGAMATED LABEL ON ALL MEN'S CLOTHING



From The New Republic Mail Bag

The New Republic's editorial, "Alternatives to Fascism" (December 23), which proposed that the United States and Great Britain "pool their leadership in brains, vision and courage," continues to draw letters. R. D. Tomlinson, of Guymon, Oklahoma, thinks that "that is the identical entity that concocted the Treaty of Versailles, brought on the 'great temporary depression' and is now driving the nations to arm for more destruction." Clarence Hotson, Dorchester, Massachusetts, says it was a fine piece and wants The New Republic to urge "an invitation by the United States to Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa and Eire to send delegates to the United States to organize a provisional government for all the English-speaking lands." Julius H. Eggers, St. Louis, has words of praise also. And he suspects that The New Republic is borrowing from the Technocrats' plan for a society of abundance, especially in the editorial "Standards of Living and of Life" (December 9). As to that, he says, why not, since the Technocrats are on the right track.

Langston Hughes, from Monterey, reports an odd occurrence. About ten years ago he wrote a poem, called "Goodbye, Christ," with the intention of shocking religious people into a consciousness of the gap between their professions and their practice in regard to the poor and oppressed, particularly the Negroes. He withdrew it from circulation some time ago; but recently Aimee McPherson's followers issued it in a handbill and distributed it in Pasadena, apparently as part of a Red-baiting campaign. Without Mr. Hughes's permission, it was reprinted in The Saturday Evening Post, seemingly for the same purpose. Mr. Hughes has no opportunity for explanation or rejoinder in The Saturday Evening Post. He believes that "no system of ethics, religion, morals or government is of permanent value which does not first start with and change the human heart. Both Marxists and Christians can be cruel."

Noting our comment on the death of F. Scott Fitzgerald (The New Republic, December 30), Leslie Chrismer, Ridley Park, Pennsylvania, feels that we might well have published something about the death, a few weeks before, of V. F. Calverton, "a contemporary writer who had helped some of the lost generation to find themselves."

A sentence in the article "They're in the Army Now" (Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, The New Republic, January 6) implying that Lieutenant Ray L. Trautman was recently commissioned, to enable him to serve as chief librarian, needs correction. Lieutenant Trautman was commissioned, in the Reserves, in May, 1931.

Never a week without The People v. The Poets: "I got a smile out of your eight lines of verse entitled 'Stick in a Poem' (Milton Kaplan, December 23). I rise to suggest that The New Republic should publish more poetry which is intentionally funny and less which is unintentionally funny." (Signed) Upton Sinclair.

World Council of Churches, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York City, asks help for non-Aryan deportees who are in great want at Camp De Gurs in the Pyrenees. Gifts should be sent to the Committee on Foreign Relief Appeals, address as above.

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Man of Good Will

BESIDES BEING the longest novel in history—with a ninth big volume scheduled to appear on February 3—"Men of Good Will" has other claims to distinction. It is, for example, the most complete if not the deepest study that has yet been made of French society in the last years of the Third Republic. Many reviewers have fallen into the habit of approaching it with positive reverence, as if they were writing about the Cathedral of Chartres; "superb" and "epic" are the most restrained of the adjectives they apply to it. Clifton Fadiman, who doesn't often climb so far out on a limb, suggested that the author was divinely omniscient, having room in his mind for the whole life of modern man and "even for the fall of sparrows."

A few weeks ago, Jules Romains published a volume of political memoirs,[1] after it had been serialized in The Saturday Evening Post. This time the book was assigned to another set of reviewers, political instead of literary, and they submitted a quite different report. They said, with individual variations, that the once omniscient author was conceited, humorless, gullible and self-deceived, if not actually a liar. Yet he is the same author, writing in much the same fashion about the same people, and with the same general philosophy. Although part of his work is now being presented as fact instead of fiction, that is hardly an essential difference—not when you consider that his vast novel has been introducing more and more characters copied directly from life. And now we learn that M. Romains is beginning to regard himself as a character in "Men of Good Will"—specifically as Maykosen, the journalist who managed to become the confidant of famous statesmen. If he would only make a few changes in his memoirs, calling himself Maykosen instead of Romains, he could fit them into the structure of his novel without in any way changing its nature. And in that case some of the reviewers—literary but not political—would be certain to exclaim, "What an epic breadth of view! What superb political insight!"

The truth is that neither the reverence nor the ridicule is justified. "Men of Good Will," for all its admirable qualities, is not the great novel of all time or even of our own time. "Seven Mysteries of Europe," for all its obvious shortcomings, is valuable testimony by a man who has played a fairly important part in French politics and who knows the personalities and the inside stories, even if he neglects or misinterprets the meaning of popular movements. In general his facts agree with and greatly extend those we have already learned from other sources. His portrait of Gamelin is sharper and more terrifying than any he has given us in his novel (in many ways it suggests Trotsky's marvelous picture of Kerensky alone in his palace before the October revolution). The final chapter, "Who Saved Fascism?" distributes the war guilt as intelligently as any author could do at this moment, besides adding new touches to our picture of Laval.

But what interested me particularly was the light that his new book casts on "Men of Good Will." Even after writing nine volumes of his novel, M. Romains has managed to keep its final nature somewhat mysterious. But he now states its subject directly and confirms what several critics have been saying. At the end of the First World War, he felt that at all costs we must prevent another such catastrophe. He swore a solemn oath to himself: "I shall always do everything in my power to prevent the outbreak of another war." And the main theme of his novel—though it is interwoven with many secondary themes as a result of his trying to present the whole of French society—is the effort of men like himself to carry out this vow.

And we now learn that they had their counterparts in life. "I must explain here," he tells us in the chapter on Leopold of Belgium, which helps to explain why the King surrendered, "that X was one of the members of a kind of order of chivalry which was recruited little by little throughout Europe. . . . Every one of these men had made for himself more or less the same vow as I had in the past: to work at preserving peace in the world; and all believed as I did in the method of personal action on *vital points*. The name 'Men of Good Will' they sometimes used for themselves, half seriously, half jokingly." As for the theory of vital points, it has already been explained in the Introduction. M. Romains there asserts his belief in free will and explains that "the problem lies in the use of the will at the time and in the spot when it can be effective. . . . I came to think," he adds, "that to affect events in any way, if you are not in a position of authority, it is not enough to have access to public opinion; you must also have access to those with power and authority and be ready at a decisive moment personally to influence their decisions. I called that: *action on vital points*."

"Seven Mysteries of Europe" is the story of how M. Romains tried to apply this idea in actual life, just as "Men of Good Will" is among other things the story of how it was applied by a group of more or less fictional characters. In his effort to exert personal action on vital points, M. Romains became acquainted with most of the leading European statesmen. In the same effort, he got himself involved in a whole series of ridiculous situations. For example, at the height of the February, 1934, riots, when the French Republic almost fell along with the ministry, he stepped into a cigar store and wrote a postcard to Premier Daladier. "Whatever happens, hold on," he said. "This riot is absolutely unimportant. A little energy and you can save freedom in the Republic." He expected Daladier to take his advice and was outraged when he didn't. A few months later, Romains found himself at the head of a movement which the Germans misinterpreted as the French equivalent of National Socialism. He gave a lecture in Berlin, which was attended by all the Nazi youth leaders and a military band. About this time he was being magnificently duped by Otto Abetz, the German agent later expelled from Paris; Romains thought he was a Man of Good Will. He was mildly duped by Ribbentrop, whom he regarded as a cynical but polished eighteenth-century diplomat. And the comedy continued to the very end, when he was being duped by Georges Bonnet, whom he regarded as a sincere French patriot—and once again as a Man of Good Will.

Yet the story has a tragic side as well. In his single-minded fight for peace, M. Romains represented a whole generation of European statesmen, a generation that was influential everywhere except in Germany and Italy, where it might have done some good. In France the Men of Good

[1] Seven Mysteries of Europe, by Jules Romains. Translated by Germaine Brée. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 253 pages. $2.50.

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Will were actually in power during the last days of the Republic, and yet their limited outlook made it impossible for them to act on vital points, or any other. Fighting merely *against* something, they had no positive policy, and hence they were helping inadvertently, step by step, to hasten the very catastrophe they were trying to avert. First step: they avoided even the mildest social reforms, fearing to bring about a crisis. Second step: they tried to conciliate Hitler by one surrender after another. Third step: they hoped so strongly for peace that they deceived themselves about the possibility of war. And the fourth step: after the war actually broke out, they tried to make it cheap and painless and purely defensive. The search for peace had led them to a state of inertia, thence to appeasement, thence to defeatism, and finally to defeat.

And what effect will this tragic experience have on the novel that Romains is now completing in exile? He has told us several times that the whole plan of it was blocked out in advance and that he knew when writing the first volume exactly what was going to happen in the fifth and the tenth. Possibly he may have planned a concluding volume that would describe the triumph of the Men of Good Will. But now that they have been not only beaten but discredited, how will he translate their experience into a new picture of French society?

MALCOLM COWLEY

Books in Review

Rise and Fall of the Comintern

JAN VALTIN is the pseudonym of a German Communist and GPU agent who spent the two decades from 1918 to 1938—all his adult life—as a professional revolutionary in the service of the Communist International and the Russian political police. "Out of the Night"[1] is his personal story. It portrays the rotting world of wartime and post-war Europe that led him, along with many of the best men and women of his generation, to put his hope in the Communist movement; it relates with a sense of drama and meaning his adventures in two uprisings, in strikes and riots in half a dozen countries, on the high seas, and in the principal seaports of four continents; it records with unflinching honesty his deeds in the furtherance of the cause he served, or of the aims of the men who in its name commanded him; and it builds up, with slow adding of detail to detail, a case history of the decay and degeneration of the Communist movement.

The author of this autobiography is an extremely skillful writer. What he has seen and done, or even felt, he knows how to communicate in words that sharpen perception and kindle the imagination. Hundreds of personages are introduced, the men and women he worked with, the police-hating prostitutes that sheltered him when he was in flight, some of the men who commanded and some of those who followed him, some whom he hunted and some to whom he was the quarry; and every personage is vividly individualized.

The work is as vast in background, as moving, illuminating and humanly significant as a great novel. To the reader who has not known intimately the workings of the Communist International, some of its episodes may appear "novelesque" also. But wherever I could check it against my own first-hand knowledge, the story is exact and truthful. Even the occasional errors are, so to speak, legitimate ones: slight distortions of things which the author could well believe he remembered exactly, or accounts heard at second hand from his associates, concerning the doings in the top leadership of the German Communist Party. Moreover, these are never things which might distort the essence of the events related.

Jan Valtin was a sailor and the son of a sailor. He spent his boyhood on ships and in distant ports, and got his schooling in places as far apart as Buenos Aires and Singapore. His formative experiences were compounded of humiliations which taught him his place in a rigidly stratified society (*"Wir sind einmal Menschen der zweiten Klasse,"* his father had said to him on shipboard); of wartime privations that made gnawing hunger and the scramble for frozen potatoes and decomposing fish an unceasing preoccupation; of hopes bred by a successful mutiny in the imperial navy in which his father participated; of mounting self-respect and sense of comradeship in the Communist movement, which so bravely began its crusade to rescue post-war Germany from chaos and transform Europe into a realm of peace and plenty.

The direction his life took seems determined by an inevitable fatality: there are the barriers that block all roads to steady employment and the "normal" domestic joys; waiting lists of thousands and tens of thousands of rioting sailors trying to get a single berth on an outgoing steamer; hordes of homeless, jobless girls around him who trade their bodies for a single stolen fish; his sense of honor and stubborn loyalty, which will not permit him to take advantage of opportunities to make a purely personal escape from chaos through routes closed to his comrades and his generation; abortive uprisings that end in flight and outlawry; errors of judgment that foredoom to failure, leaderships unequal to their tasks, rivalries and hatred between and within organizations that make the demoralization of the German people inevitable; the steady inexorable increase in the *Verlumpung* of great sections of the proletariat and middle class, paving the way for the rise of Hitler; the accumulating tension which comes from the effort to convince himself ever anew that there is nothing wrong with the movement into which he has integrated his being and which alone gives his life sense and meaning. Then there is the dread, unforeseen moment when he is called upon to commit cold-blooded murder, to send men to their death whom he does not even know, and men who are his friends and comrades. Like the voice of doom comes the answer to his effort to return to other types of party work: "No one

[1] Out of the Night, by Jan Valtin. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 841 pages. $3.50.

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ever *resigns* from the GPU." Flashes of his own experience assure him that there is no appeal from that verdict.

Increasingly, death gets the upper hand as the tale develops. Violent death pursues almost all the men and women who were his friends and associates. Some die defiantly, as they have lived, in struggles intended to bequeath to the future a better world than they inherited; others die after rape or sickening torture at the hands of the storm troopers of the German counter-revolution, or by suicide to avoid the inevitable divulging of secrets under torment; but the worst are the deaths of those who have come to the conclusion that their lives have been spent in vain, and those who die betrayed by the movement they have builded. It is this type of death which gradually comes to prevail over the others.

The love story which runs through the book, with its snatches of joy and comradeship, only serves in the end to heighten and provide climax to the personal tragedy. Valtin is forced to recruit into his movement the girl artist who loves him. For his sake she does and accepts things to which she is unsuited by temperament and outlook; he must strive to convince her of their rightness when doubts have already begun to assail him; he draws her into the service of the GPU while his own horror at its mode of operation is growing; and though in the end he makes a miraculous, hair-breadth escape from the closing circle, he knows the sickening remorse of seeing her left behind, a hostage of the Gestapo, and with the GPU an accomplice in her death.

Moving as autobiography, the book is no less absorbing as an intimate picture of the Comintern and the International *Apparat* directed by the Russian secret service. It is unique among works of this sort in that it does not view the Communist movement from the vantage point of leadership, or through the medium of "lines," theses, affairs of state and controversies of faction, but communicates a sense of seeing the whole movement from within as it looked to an "activist" or middle "functionary." Thus it reveals "lines," decisions and instructions as they presented themselves when carried out in life. Through Valtin's eyes, as if reluctantly and unconsciously, we see the slow transformation of the Communist International from an instrument of struggle for socialism into an instrument at the service of the dominant faction in the Russian Communist Party, then at the service of Soviet foreign policy, and finally into a worldwide extension of the long arm of the GPU for the "purge" and "liquidation" of all dissent and independence. His awareness of this process is sharpened by three years of "retirement" at San Quentin for an attempted GPU murder.

Valtin does not, as so many others have done, let his disillusionment and rejection of the Communist International blind him to the idealistic motives, the heroism and devotion that were its original capital, and which, though recklessly squandered and clotted with the blood of the purged, is still the reserve that supports what is left of it. Nor does he, as others have in their "confessions," seek to evade his share of responsibility. Though the book cites names and places and circumstances (only rarely withholding a detail to shield someone from possible persecution), yet it is free from the "finger-man" qualities that have marred some of the other declarations of rupture with Comintern and GPU. It is free, too, from that tedious *ad-hoc* philosophizing which professes to see perfection in a decaying world or pretends that the problems that called the Communist International into being are now nonexistent.

As autobiography, "Out of the Night" will be read and deserves to be read by many who would not be interested in a mere inside story of the workings of the Communist International. Its author has succeeded in making a personal record that is representative of its time and of a significant element of our common humanity. It seems a pity that he has thought it desirable to use a pseudonym. There are too many circumstantial details to permit the concealment of the writer's identity from the Gestapo or the GPU, each of which will find in this work motives for a fresh attempt at the author's "liquidation." His chief chance of safety would seem to lie in making himself as widely known as possible so that his sudden death would but serve to confirm the truth of his revelations. The book possesses qualities which should make its author widely known, for it records some of the most exciting adventures and moving experiences that have befallen a representative figure of the generation whose years of maturity lay between the First World War and the Second.

BERTRAM D. WOLFE

The Other War

Sons of the Fathers, by Albert Halper. New York: Harper and Brothers. 431 pages. $2.50.

ALBERT HALPER explains in a foreword to his new book that, being a novelist and not a writer of tracts, he isn't deciding whether his country should or should not go to war today by telling what happened to a war-smitten family in 1917. After you have lived with his characters for a while, however, you conclude that their pertinence extends into 1941. You forget the disclaiming author, and finish the book.

They were not intellectuals, these hard-working Chicago Jews, on the edge of security when the war came. The older ones had prejudices and hopes; old fears, too, imported from Europe, that lay in their minds like a ground mist, rising with the wind. Any public disturbance was dangerous, especially a war mania. Back in Europe a war came every generation. Oftener. No escape except the long flight across the water that Saul Bergman had made twenty-five years before. Now he had a small business in a free land, and growing sons. One already had a good job, another teetered on the nest's edge; others were behind, training for the battle in the warm, disciplined family life of orthodox Jewry. War came and the intellectual one lay dead in France at the end of it; he had always been so preoccupied with the life of his mind that he let anyone tell him what to do with his body, stumbling after the crowd into a recruiting office when the ballyhoo began. The good-looking one became an unsure, doubting slacker, hiding on a farm until the draft law reached him there, falling into a slacker's job later with a sleek, exploiting office-slacker in a uniform factory. The war merely enraged the old father. But he had four younger children to support. He was a poor grocer and a Jew, and he bent to the storm, muttering.

When you have finished the book, you remember that old Saul, after all, once risked a hanging by the Tsar's

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police in order to arrive at a way of life whose frontiers today certainly appear to be in the London streets. If those frontiers should move nearer Chicago, would the Bergmans be willing to fight?

The story has no answer; it deals with 1917. You gather, obliquely, that the story-teller himself thinks circumstances haven't changed much. With no other explanation, he prints on his title-page a famous isolationist warning from George Washington's Farewell Speech. After that a valid story begins of people whose views were so confused that the result was viewlessness—old immigrant Saul who would agree with George Washington and the eighteenth century if he had words; his son the slacker-Jew who buys immunity from war by allowing a slacker-*goy* to take credit for his skill and so arrives at the viewlessness of the cynic; his other son the bewildered clerk who is caught by death without a social view to his name. GRIFFIN BARRY

Change and Decay

Embezzled Heaven, by Franz Werfel. Translated by Moray Firth. New York: The Viking Press. 427 pages. $2.50.

THERE WAS A TIME, before Werfel acquired fame as the author of vast historico-religious frescoes, when he could write good earthly stories, lively, realistic and full of a sad humor. The plot and at least some pages of "Embezzled Heaven" remind us of this earlier Werfel manner, as exemplified in "The Man Who Conquered Death," the touching story of a petty official who survives a mortal disease only because his life insurance will not benefit his wife if he dies too soon. Here, the chief character is a humble cook in a family of individualistic esthetes. Like many other women of her class, Teta Linek makes tremendous sacrifices so that her nephew may become a priest, thus assuring her a place in Heaven. The nephew, who lives in a distant city, turns out to be a swindler, but Teta gets to her Heaven just the same. Her naïve faith is magnificently rewarded even before she gets there: she is given the ineffable joy of visiting the Pope with a group of Austrian pilgrims and of being personally distinguished by His Holiness; she finds another priest who is exactly what she would have liked her nephew to be; and when she dies, surrounded by little gifts from Vatican officials, there is great peace in her mind.

This could have been a fine story—and the study of Teta's character is excellent—had it not been for the constant intrusion of the author's ideas on the unhappy state of the world, caused, we are told, by selfishness, neglect of spiritual values and all the other familiar sins of Western civilization. Teta's employers, who symbolize this civilization, are stricken by inexplicable diseases and horrible disasters. These moralizations on history are all the more regrettable since Werfel seems aware of their artistic dangers. In one passage, he describes himself as drawing up a balance-sheet of a work on which he "had already been engaged for nearly a year. The historical theme of my book seemed all at once extravagant, its characters stiff and lifeless, the dialogue oversubtle, the action distorted, the whole plan insincere and without meaning." It might have been "Embezzled Heaven." NORBERT GUTERMAN

Modern Pamphleteer

All Out, by Samuel Grafton. New York: Simon and Schuster. 104 pages. $1.

TOM PAINE wrote imaginatively, with simplicity and with the common touch about democracy in the eighteenth century. Grafton does this for 1941. A hundred and fifty years of bilge writing about democracy has flowed from the presses of the world since Tom Paine wrote. The bilge gets into the heads and clogs the typewriters, or coats the tongues of most people who use the word democracy today. That is why Samuel Grafton is such a rare individual, and so valuable. There will be others who will write books that really document some of Grafton's flashes of insight, and others will do a better job of thinking through some of the dilemmas Grafton has stumbled on. I am optimist enough even to hope for a race of practical statesmen—industrial as well as political—who will engineer the construction of the kind of order that imaginative democrats like Grafton envision. But I doubt if we will turn up any better human barometer by which the common man can take his democratic bearings in these troubled times.

True as all this is, "All Out" is nevertheless disappointing to an inveterate reader of Sam Grafton's daily column. That isn't to say that it isn't "must" reading. The subtitle of the book contains its challenging philosophy, "How Democracy Will Defend America," and every second page, according to my estimate, contains a flash of insight packed in admirable Graftonese, but it is somehow frustrating because it makes one eager for a more detailed and provocative documentation of its thesis. And it is disappointing because after twenty or thirty epigrammatic pages one longs for a sewing up of flashes into something approaching a fabric of sustained thinking. All this, I suppose, can be more simply expressed by saying that Grafton, who has mastered the art of fitting his ideas into column segments of 500 words each, hasn't mastered the art of fitting them into a book.

One of the uncanny features of the author's genius as a columnist is his sense of the moment, and of the word that expresses the moment. Behind each is Grafton with an emotion about democracy and human values. Those values don't change but they get a surprisingly different and daringly appropriate expression from day to day. Hence when he writes anything as final in expression as a 104-page book, containing an account of events six months old, or even a year—the writing suffers. The chapter on England, though it has some good things in it, I personally would trade for two "I'd Rather Be Right" columns, the one which takes Halifax apart, for instance, and the one which analyzes Mr. Churchill's speech to the Italian people.

But having said this much in criticism, let me quote a sample from the American section of "All Out" just to show how good it is:

> It would be beneficial to democracy as a system, if every one of the ten million American unemployed had jobs. The resulting industrial production might unhinge the Nazi reason. . . . The decision against such a plan [to provide jobs for all] is not made on the basis of whether democracy needs these jobs, as it does, but on the extraneous basis of the money cost. The

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Nazis score victories because they make fundamental decisions while we make collateral decisions; we pick budgetary wild flowers while they sharpen knives. They think as fascists; we hold to a constricted intellectual posture in which it is impossible to think at all.

In my opinion the ideas and the political program implicit in this and other passages are too good, too important and too far-reaching to be left at that. Perhaps somebody will write a book taking one of them as a text. Perhaps Mr. Grafton will. CHARLES R. WALKER

The Taft Era

Insurgency: Personalities and Politics of the Taft Era, by Kenneth W. Hechler. New York: Columbia University Press. 252 pages. $3.

THIS VOLUME deals with only one of the many facets of the political progressivism of the period between the close of the Spanish-American War and the entrance of the United States into the World War. As a body of ideas, this movement sought to democratize traditional liberalism and to inject wider social content into democratic thought. Dr. Hechler's subject is the revolt of the progressive wing of the Republican Party during the Taft administration against "the dictation of the House and Senate leaders on questions of procedure and specific pieces of party legislation." From this revolt there came the formation of the National Progressive Republican League in 1911 and the Bull Moose movement of the following year. The issues upon which insurgency took form were the fight against Cannonism, the Payne-Aldrich tariff of 1909, the Mann-Elkins railroad bill of 1910, conservation and the Pinchot-Ballinger episode, the Canadian reciprocity scheme of 1911, and the postal-savings-bank question. Norris of Nebraska, Madison and Murdock of Kansas, Poindexter of Washington and Lindbergh of Minnesota were the key insurgents in the House. In the Senate, La Follette of Wisconsin, Clapp of Minnesota, Cummins and Dolliver of Iowa and Beveridge of Indiana led the crusade. Insurgency, drawing its strength from wheat and corn-producing regions, was a product of the transformation of agriculture into a capitalistic and specialized business enterprise. The insurgents reflected the interests of capitalistic farmers in competition with other capitalistic groups, and thus pressed for that realignment of party strength and those measures which would give agrarian interests greater weight and advantages.

The chief value of Dr. Hechler's study lies in the information it presents on the course and results of congressional insurgency. It is, however, limited in scope and imagination and fails to probe into many key problems. There is little attempt to study the local and state party situation in relation to the national scene; the relationship of the progressives to the labor movement is not considered; nor is the problem of state and sectional variations in the progressive movement investigated in terms of different kinds of agricultural specialization. Dr. Hechler does make good use of little-examined collections of manuscript sources, throws light on the later history of the insurgent leaders, and correctly emphasizes the link between them and the New Deal objectives. HENRY DAVID

Musicology with Pleasure

The History of Musical Instruments, by Curt Sachs. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 505 pages, illustrated. $5.

IT IS A HISTORY only in a limited sense, this latest, valuable book by the ethnologist and historian of music and the dance, who is considered the greatest of authorities on the musical instruments of primitive and ancient societies. It has no logical texture: unlike Dr. Sachs's famous "Spirit and Evolution of Musical Instruments," which draws a grandiose picture of the connection between instruments of music and the life and minds of past epochs, the newcomer loosely groups its charming accounts of the evolution of instruments, merely in reference to the culture and periods which saw their invention. The book is really an encyclopedia, to follow the various manuals of information about musical instruments already issued by the author—in one instance in collaboration with the late Erich von Hornbostel—between 1913 and 1920. It may be considered a fire-new cross-section of these lexicons, bringing their information up to date and covering all historical periods, including the most recent.

Still, if it is a book of reference, it is a thoroughly delightful one. Dr. Sachs is a manner of unicorn among musicologists. A sincere, enthusiastic scholar, he carries his immense learning lightly: he is something of a *bel esprit*. The tastefulness of style of the present book is almost a matter of wonder in view of the fact that it was written by him in English. He claims to have had the help of Emily Floyd Gardiner in preparing this first of his works cast in his adopted tongue. Yet this assistance could not have been great. From time to time we meet sentences such as the following—which occurs in a description of the change in the character of performers under the New Kingdom in Egypt: "Men are superseded by professional women, and one supposes that they have been professional prostitutes as well." Such passages but add, all innocently, to the volume's charm. PAUL ROSENFELD

A Reader's List

PRESIDENTIAL LEADERSHIP, by Pendleton Herring (Farrar, $1.50). One of a new series of brief studies designed as supplementary reading in colleges. It handles with great realism the relations between the presidency and Congress, and has also a chapter on the President's entourage. Clear, informative and balanced, if not exciting or original.

THE ECONOMIC CAUSES OF WAR, by Lionel Robbins (Macmillan, $1.35). The chief British exponent of neo-classical economics writes in his usual lucid and suave way about the war. He carries on his long standing feud with Marxian theory, and rejects any basic connection between war and capitalist imperialism. He concludes that "not capitalism, but the anarchic political organization of the world is the root-disease of our civilization." The book marks a movement in Robbins' thought from a faith in international free trade to a faith in a United States of Europe as the condition of world peace.

MY SISTER AND I: DIARY OF A DUTCH BOY REFUGEE, by Dirk van der Heide (Harcourt, Brace, $1). A twelve-year-old boy's account of a nightmare that came

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true. Routine optimism growing to numb bewilderment, and final relief of escape to America expressed by the spontaneous stringing together of such incidents as wholesale machine-gunning and the yowling of a terrified cat. Vivid as a child's statement of a universal reaction to direct contact with war.

THE CAT'S CRADLE BOOK, by Sylvia Townsend Warner, illustrated by Bertram Hartman (Viking, $2.50). If cats could read, the author would find herself picketed by swarms of pussies with placards reading "Unfair to Disorganized Cathood." With jealous precision, Miss Warner etches every detail of feline life that is sordid or unwinsome. She is particularly sadistic about cats in psychotic, diseased or dying conditions.

Cats aside, her book consists of sixteen fantastic fables and an impeccable style on one perverse aspect after another of human unreason. Had they been written forty-four years earlier they would doubtless have won increasing applause as they appeared in The Yellow Book. Mr. Hartman's illustrations are admirable.

CARAVAN FOR CHINA, by Frank S. Stuart (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The caravan is a Roman expedition in the time of Christ, and its adventures are tall ones. Characters include two Roman merchants, a terrific captain of mercenaries, soldiers, camel drivers, desirable women and personages of the Chinese court. It is told with a more or less modern slant, and not too much intrusion of erudition. The general effect is swashbuckle, with plot creakings; and there is too much prose.

ENEMY SIGHTED, by Alec Hudson (Macmillan, $1.25). A long story or short novel about a naval engagement in which a cruiser and a submarine are able to surprise and sink a pocket-battleship raider, abroad in the Pacific. The same kind of excitement through intricately built-up detail and maneuver as there was in "Battle Stations," the previous Saturday Evening Post story by this naval officer (he is still on submarine duty). Imaginary, of course, but logical and maybe even prophetic.

COUSIN HONORÉ, by Storm Jameson (Macmillan, $2.50). This book, finished just a week before the Reynaud government was, concerns an old family in Alsace in the years between the two world wars. Partly French, partly German and mostly Alsatian, they carry on endless and fascinating struggles for power. Read this for its extraordinary background, its fabulous intrigues, its careful scrutiny of the people a jittery Europe produced. Read it, in short, because it makes good reading and good sense.

SEVENTH AVENUE, by Dorothy Meyersburg (Dutton, $2.50). No use running a dress business on Seventh Avenue, says Miss M., when you're up against devils like the CIO and the NLRB. Her hero moves the works to Georgia, but even here the union—all its men have crooked mouths and black, ratty eyes—come to get him. Angry and inept.

SPRING SYMPHONY, by Eleanor Painter (Harper's, $2.50). For readers who can't take their biographies straight, here is the fictionalized love story of Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck. The very touching tale of their long betrothal offers plenty of pitfalls for the sentimental writer, and Miss Painter strays into most of them.

Contributors

LIN YUTANG is the author of, among other books, "The Importance of Living" and, recently, "With Love and Irony," published by the John Day Company.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER is the author of many volumes of poetry—one of which won the Pulitzer Prize—and of an autobiography, "Life Is My Song."

ALBERT HORLINGS has published two Middle Western weeklies, taught in the University of Hawaii and worked for newspapers and magazines in Omaha, Pittsburgh and New York.

JONATHAN MITCHELL, who lives in Washington, is well known for his articles on the political scene.

RICHARD SULLIVAN lives in South Bend, Indiana. His work has appeared in The Atlantic Monthly, Scribner's, American Prefaces, The Commonweal, The New Republic and other magazines.

MAX LERNER is professor of Political Science at Williams College and author of two books, "It Is Later Than You Think" and "Ideas Are Weapons."

BERTRAM D. WOLFE is the author of "Portrait of America," "Portrait of Mexico," in collaboration with Diego Rivera, and "Diego Rivera: His Life and Times," published by Alfred A. Knopf.

GRIFFIN BARRY is a free-lance writer living in New York. He returned here from England late in 1939 and was connected with the Department of Agriculture in Washington until June, 1940.

NORBERT GUTERMAN, an American citizen born in Warsaw and educated in Paris, is free-lancing in New York City.

CHARLES R. WALKER, novelist and labor journalist, is the author, among other books, of "Our Gods Are Not Born" and "American City: A Rank and File History."

HENRY DAVID teaches History at Queens College, and is the author or co-author of a number of books on labor history. He is now at work on a history of the United States in the twentieth century.

PAUL ROSENFELD is a well known art and music critic, who has also written much on literature.

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